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The New Soviet Phase

THE triumvirate in the Kremlin are clearly determined to rid themselves without delay of witch-hunting officials who have been, we may suppose, both hated and untouchable during the last period of Stalin—of a sick and infallible Stalin. Stalin's name no longer appears in every *Pravda* article; an informer, lauded to the skies for her patriotic perjury, is deprived of the Order of Lenin; the confessions of the nine doctors publicly arraigned for the murder of Soviet leaders (plus six more of whom we have not before heard) are admitted to have been extorted by methods which are all too familiar but not before acknowledged by the Kremlin to be in use within the Soviet Union. The man particularly responsible for this legal outrage is denounced in the usual phrases as a "contemptible adventurer" and an enemy of the Soviet people. All Russia is bluntly told for the first time that Soviet justice may err; though many will accept at face value the story that this is an isolated case, the relatives of thousands who have been purged or executed may now be wondering both within Russia and its satellites whether in their case too political justice may not have been fraudulent.

Some commentators deduce that nothing more has happened than that a new set of Soviet officials is to be purged. One lot goes out and another comes in; the spoils system is in action. After all, this is not the first time. After tens of thousands had been killed or exiled in the great purge that followed Kirov's murder, Yagoda, chief of the police responsible for the executions was himself executed as a corrupt and false official—which, in a country where news was free and opinion uncensored, would have been the signal for an uncontrollable outburst of popular anger. Though the parallel has point, there are reasons for believing that in 1953 something more significant is happening than that a purge has been called off and a general post of officials has taken place.

We have to take into account many signs of a shift towards a more liberal period in the U.S.S.R. Not so long ago a Soviet captain was punished for allowing the sailors on his ship to go ashore and fraternise with the residents of the country they visited. Last week, Soviet sailors were permitted to visit Paris and even to express the view that it was an agreeable city to look at. Again, for the first time for years, the editors of American papers, paying their own way, have been given visas to Moscow and there are signs that Intourist may again begin to function. More important, the release of the accused doctors was accompanied with much more than the bare and embarrassed apology with which Governments usually plead guilty to a grave miscarriage of justice. The official admission in *Pravda* lays the greatest possible emphasis on the guarantees of personal freedom in the Soviet Constitution; declares that Soviet citizens can rest assured that their rights "will be sacredly observed and defended" and lays down a doctrine not very dissimilar from the principle of *habeas corpus* which, as the basis of bourgeois liberty, has been so often derided by Communists.

The new emphasis on the guarantee of individual rights in the almost wholly neglected Soviet Constitution of 1936 will not be so surprising to those who have studied the few published statements by Malenkov before his accession to power. One of these was a contribution to *Pravda* on the occasion of Stalin's 70th birthday in December, 1949. He stressed two points. The first, very fully documented, was Stalin's adherence to his belief in the possible co-existence of Capitalist and Socialist countries. The second, also supported by quotations from Stalin, was a very outspoken attack on "self-satisfied" Communist leaders who resented criticism, "put a brake upon" efforts to guard the citizen's constitutional rights and neglected Stalin's doctrine "that we need self-criticism as we need air and water." Malenkov wrote: "The desire to fight against defects will grow stronger in the masses only when their confidence that indication of defects and their exposure will be effective in practice . . . Comrade Stalin points out that a Party leader does not dare to

embellish reality, to hide from the Party the actual state of affairs." In this article, as in his report to the Party Congress last October, Malenkov strongly encouraged people to speak their minds, and denounced "persecution" of "honest critics." It looks as if his mind was already, more than three years ago, moving in the direction of a more co-operative and free policy.

Conclusions about Russia are mainly guesswork, but it is reasonable to hope that the Kremlin is entering upon a phase of external and internal relaxation. In this case it may be possible for intercourse between Russia and the West to become at least as free as it was during the period when Russia sought disarmament and collective security as a member of the League of Nations. When we recall the disastrous Western policy that culminated in Munich we conclude that the use that can be made of such a period and its duration and outcome may, at least in part, depend on the response to the West to Malenkov's mood.

Health Service Costs

The committee, under the chairmanship of the Cambridge economist, Mr. C. W. Guillebaud, which the Government has appointed to review the present and prospective costs of the National Health Service has been given terms of reference so wide that Mr. Bevan was quick to suspect an intention to wield a Geddes Axe. It is not merely to suggest means of ensuring effective control and efficient use of Exchequer funds; it is also to advise "how, in view of the burdens on the Exchequer, a rising charge upon it can be avoided." This might, indeed, imply a hint that proposals to whittle down the Service would be welcome to the Government; and, if it were merely a matter of securing tighter control over extravagance, it is difficult to see why the normal work of the Select Committee on Expenditure needed to be thus supplemented. Moreover, as a letter in our Correspondence columns emphasises, the Minister of Health has numerous Councils and professional bodies to advise him on methods by which the Service could be improved without financial waste.

On the other hand, it is only fair to point out that the committee is required to act on the assumption that "an adequate service" must be maintained; and the development of the N.H.S. over the past five years has been such as not to exclude the possibility of constructive economy without detriment to the efficiency of the scheme. For instance, might not there be considerable saving in the great and growing costs of hospitalisation if some G.P.s were grouped in departmentalised Health Centres? Even without such a change in organisation, it seems probable that, despite the shilling charge for prescriptions, there is still great extravagance in expenditure (totalling over £40m. a year) on drugs. A survey of prescribing in Scotland, published recently in the *B.M.J.*, suggests not merely that doctors have been far too apt to prescribe expensive proprietary drugs, which could be compounded much more cheaply—though with a little more trouble involved for the doctor—by chemists, but that cough mixtures, laxatives, sedatives and vitamins are swallowed on an extravagant scale because doctors acquiesce in patients' demands for medicines which relieve symptoms even if they do little or nothing for the (often imperfectly diagnosed) disease.

The Line-up in Italy

With the General Election now fixed for June 7, the Italian parties are lining up for what promises to be a bitter campaign. Against the Coalition *bloc*—Christian Democrats, Social Democrats, Liberals and Republicans—campaigning in local and national alliance, the ranks of the two, Left and Right, oppositions—Communists and Nenni Socialists at the one extreme; Monarchists and Neo-Fascist M.S.I. at the other—have been augmented by a new party, the Alleanza Democratica, led by Senators Corbino and Bergamini. "Neutralist" and highly critical of Signor De Gasperi, whom it accuses of having had the Electoral Bill "dishonourably voted" on Palm Sunday, the Alleanza is strongly opposed to American intervention in Italian affairs, and is making a strong bid to secure the votes of independents who are anti-American and anti-clerical but do not feel happy in the Communist phalanx. As such, its appearance on the scene may help the Left rather than the Right.

Treaties and the President

Sixty-four Senators—enough to carry an amendment to the Constitution—are at present supporting the draft submitted by Senator Bricker which, if passed by the Senate and thirty-six States, would radically alter both the method and the scope of treaties negotiated by the United States. More lies behind this move, which would place drastic limitations upon the present power of the President, than a mere attempt to assert Congressional supremacy. President Roosevelt greatly extended the scope of executive agreements, especially in wartime, and he made little secret of the fact that these could serve the purpose of treaties without running the risk of their rejection by a hostile minority in the Senate, where a majority of two-thirds must approve any formal treaty. To the Republicans, Teheran and Yalta were merely the evil culmination of this process.

The proposed amendment, however, goes much further than stating that the President can make no executive agreements with foreign nations or their officials except as Congress shall prescribe—though this alone, as Mr. Dulles pointed out to the Senate Judiciary Committee this week, would "gravely embarrass" the President's control of foreign policy. For the amendment would require the House of Representatives as well as the Senate to approve every treaty. Once the House, which is not the most reasonable or responsible legislature in the world, has been given such a veto over all treaties, it is difficult to see how any treaty could be passed that might adversely affect a sectional or lobby interest. Every arrangement that the United States made with a foreign Power would be at the mercy of the lobbyists or of politicians far more concerned with their own re-election than with a wider national purpose. The amendment, moreover, might make it very difficult for the United States to accept obligations to international bodies, from the United Nations to civil aviation and narcotics control. Already Mr. Dulles has been forced to mollify the Senators by announcing that the U.S. will not become a party to the U.N. Covenant on Human Rights nor to the convention on women's political rights.

This amendment, in fact, is a delayed Republican protest against the methods that both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman were forced to use if American foreign policy was to be effective, and free of crippling Congressional interference, in two decades of crisis. But the argument about the treaty-making power goes back to the dispute about the Lousiana Purchase by President Jefferson, and even earlier. The real difficulty is that the U.S. Constitution gives treaties a force superior to ordinary legislation (which the Federal Courts can invalidate if it is found to violate the Constitution). Once a treaty is ratified, it can over-ride or alter the powers of the President, Congress and the States, and could, in law at least, even abrogate clauses in the Bill of Rights. This controversy, though revived in an extreme and partisan form by Senator Bricker, does, therefore, go to the heart of a serious question: How far can or should the United States go in effective membership of international or, especially, supranational bodies?

CAIRO

Reverse for Neguib

A Correspondent writes: General Neguib suffered a serious diplomatic reverse last weekend when all the Arab League Foreign Ministers, except the Yemenite, refused to attend the Cairo Conference. It is exactly three months since Colonel Sheshakly, the dictator of Syria, told this correspondent that a settlement of Egypt's claims against Britain was unthinkable without a simultaneous understanding between Britain, Syria and Lebanon on the outstanding problems of arms supply, refugees, and oil royalties. Colonel Sheshakly had then just returned from visiting Cairo: he and Neguib were "brothers": neither would contemplate an isolated deal with the British. And now Neguib has done just that. The agreement over the Sudan may not worry Sheshakly much: but the possibility of an Anglo-Egyptian Defence agreement is a very different matter. The great Arab bargaining counter—in a sense the continuing *raison d'être* of the League—is the West's need of a Defence agreement. While that is unfulfilled, all Arab claims can be pressed with some expectation of success. A private deal by Egypt must inevitably be followed by a sharp slump in Syrian stock.

Thus the refusal of the invitation to Cairo, by Syria and Lebanon at least, is, first, a reminder that Sheshakly considers Syria as important a member of the League as Egypt: if Neguib wants Syrian backing, he must earn it. Secondly, and paradoxically, it is a gesture designed to impress the West with Arab moderation on the eve of Mr. Dulles's Middle East visit. If the bargaining power of the League has been weakened by the infidelity of Cairo, then Damascus will try a little unfaithfulness on its own account. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Dulles and the British will be more receptive to the tale of Syrian and Lebanese suffering, if it is publicly dissociated from General Neguib's rude methods of negotiation. Finally, the refusal draws attention to Sheshakly's position as an Arab leader. Arab nationalism, outside Egypt on the one hand and Saudi Arabia on the other, is increasingly working towards some form of Pan-Syrian federation, from which Egypt would be excluded. While the Arab League could act in unity as the scourge of the British, it held together. If Egypt begins to forget her neighbours, the Arab League countries—other than Saudi Arabia, already a lone wolf—will tend to fall into two groups, one under Syrian, one under Egyptian domination.

Meanwhile, Neguib has countered skilfully by proposing another meeting, this time with oil

as the subject. It remains to be seen whether Syria and Lebanon will reject an opportunity to gain active Egyptian support in a matter which touches their own demands so closely and, to some extent, divides them from Iraq. Or will Neguib be politely told that, at least until after Mr. Dulles's visit it is no business of his?

NIGERIA

Self-government by 1956?

A Correspondent writes: Last week's resignation of four Ministers of the Nigerian Central Government is a much more serious event than the party quarrels which have lately divided the National Council for Nigeria and the Cameroons in the Eastern Region of Nigeria. This time the issue is no longer mainly personal: it is directly and most controversially political. The four Ministers—the Oni of Ife, Chief Bode Thomas, Mr. Sla Akintola, and Chief Arthur Prest—say that they resigned because the Governor and officials "actively guided" them (and other Ministers) in the sense that Ministers should not speak on a motion affecting the realisation of self-government. "It is no longer necessary," Chief Thomas said, "for us to stay and work with people whose intentions are to be guided by those who have vested interests in the prolongation of British rule, and we refuse to associate with Africans who have not the guts to say when we should have self-government." The latter part of this sentence was a glancing comment on the Central Ministers from the Eastern Region; but it was also a direct attack on speakers from the Northern Region, such as the Sardauna of Sokoto, whose known desire is that self-government should be delayed as long as possible. The reason why the Sardauna and his Northern colleagues have this desire is that they belong to the Fulani ruling caste whose power has long rested directly on a prolongation of British rule.

Behind these resignations—the sense of which is that Nigeria *should* have self-government by 1956—there is visible the skilful brain of Mr. Obafemi Awolowo, leader of the Action Group in the Western Region, to which the resigning Ministers all belong. Probably the most forceful figure in Nigerian nationalism today, Mr. Awolowo refused to take office in the Central Government when it was constituted rather more than a year ago. He preferred to be a Minister in his own Western Region; and to leave himself free to act for self-government, without having the obligations of central Ministerial authority. He is certainly a dominant influence on the four resigning Ministers, none of whom has attempted to break away from the party discipline of the Action Group. And his position is all the stronger because he has taken care to secure the backing of important chiefs such as the Oni of Ife; the Action Group, indeed, has generally been regarded as the "conservative" wing of Nigerian nationalism in distinction to the "radical" wing provided by the N.C.N.C. These positions are now reversed. Mr. Awolowo and the Action Group are making the running.

DELHI

Gandhi's Inheritance

A Correspondent writes: With Dr. Radhakrishnan as Chairman and Pandit Nehru among its fourteen members, a Committee was set up in New Delhi last week of a kind that could only come into being in the country of Gandhi. For its aim is to harness the social forces of non-violence to land reform by supporting the Land Gift (Bhoodan) Movement initiated by Acharya Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhi's closest disciples. That land reform is the key to the future of India is a commonplace. [That the steps so far taken have been disappointing is again emphasised by Mr. Norman Cliff in an article printed on a later page.] The Gandhi approach has life in it because it appeals to a living Indian tradition.

The Bhoodan Movement started in April, 1951, when Acharya Vinoba Bhave visited Telengana, where the Communists were then using violent methods to turn out the landlords. Believing that revolutionary changes in India could be achieved by non-violence, he began a long march which has now taken him from Hyderabad to Bihar appealing to thousands of people to give up their land. The poor were often the first to respond. From the rich he would accept nothing less than one-sixth of their land. Bhave's campaign, carried out to the accompaniment of prayer meetings and large demonstrations, sometimes met with scepticism on the part of economic and financial experts then involved in the less soul-inspiring, slow-moving, controversial legislation associated with land reforms envisaged in India's Five Year Plan. But there were certain things in the life of the people, as Nehru told the Committee last week, which remained outside the domain of these experts; one of them was the Bhoodan Movement, which was creating an atmosphere of revolution by non-violent, co-operative methods. Not that Acharya Vinoba Bhave, as Nehru pointed out, could take the place of the law, however successful he might be in appealing to people to give up their land; the Bhoodan Movement did not reduce "by one jot" the responsibility of the Central and State Governments. A voluntary method, as Radhakrishnan put it, "can clear the air and prepare the public for a drastic social and economic revolution by consent." By the end of last year, when half a million acres of land had been handed over, the Assembly in Uttar Pradesh, where the response was greatest, passed the Bhoodan Yagna Bill regularising gifts and setting up a Committee to regularise the distribution of land. In Bihar, where a quota of 3.2 million acres is fixed for the next year, similar legislation will be needed. Vinoba Bhave has now made this his headquarters and many people, including Jai Prakash Narain and others of his Party, are devoting themselves to the Bhoodan Movement. The more successful this method of non-violence becomes, the greater the responsibility of the Government, centrally and locally, to respond to the needs of fertilisers and seeds and machinery with which the land can be more efficiently cultivated. By his appeal to people who saw the achievement of independence through the *swaraj* movement, Acharya Vinoba Bhave has released a social incentive uniquely applicable to Indian problems.

The Prime Ministers of India and Pakistan are to meet shortly and the officials of both Governments are getting down to a discussion of the preliminary details. Apart from the intractable problem of Kashmir, which spokesmen of both nations continue to discuss in unreal, legalistic terms in the United Nations, Pandit Nehru and Khwaja Nazimuddin will consider other issues causing friction; refugee problems in East Pakistan, trade relations, and the possibilities of joint defence. A recent suggestion that the two countries should co-operate in defence was supported by people as varied as Syed Mahmood, a Gandhian, Mr. P. D. Tandon and the Nawab of Bhopal. It evoked favourable comment in a section of the Pakistan press. Unhappily, that was the moment chosen by the *Daily Express* to publish poisonous articles from Karachi on the much-exaggerated canal waters dispute. The only effect of such intervention is to increase tension, and the Indian press has already voiced deep disgust and resentment.

Who's Afraid of Peace?

By now Mr. Eisenhower must have bitterly regretted his disregard, since he entered politics, for the precepts he learned as a Staff Officer. How often in the history of war a General has suffered sudden discomfiture through committing himself to a rigid plan of operation and overlooking the simple fact that his adversary can foresee and forestall the defeat which is being contrived for him. Generalship does not consist in shouting that the enemy is a fool and a blackguard and then going on to describe in detail how you are going to smash him. Yet this is just what Mr. Eisenhower has been doing ever since he became President. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman, the Republicans have declared, were both of them beneath contempt because they had sought to come to terms with Russia. Instead of realising that all negotiations were tantamount to appeasement, Mr. Roosevelt signed the Yalta Agreement. Instead of spreading the war and forcing the Chinese to surrender, Mr. Truman tried to achieve an armistice as a first step towards peace. During his election campaign Mr. Eisenhower assured the American people that this betrayal of their way of life would cease if he became President; he would use every means short of general war to disrupt the Communist empires and liberate their enslaved peoples.

This new policy sounded fine in Washington and Detroit; it admirably suited the requirements of a bellicose Congress and of the Mid-Western businessmen who now fill the important positions in Mr. Eisenhower's Cabinet. A war boom without a general war was the ideal formula for maintaining profits and productivity in a period when the pent-up wartime demand for consumer goods was slackening off; and the disengagement of American troops suited Congress admirably, especially when it was accompanied by the assurance that Asians would go on fighting Asians after the boys were safely home.

But there was a snag. The new policy could only work on condition that the Communists conveniently continued to play the role allotted to them by Senator McCarthy. That condition has not been fulfilled. To the get-tough line of the new men in Washington, the new men in the Kremlin have responded with a get-soft line which gave Wall Street its worst week since 1929. Now that they are faced with the possibility that peace will break out Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles must think again.

We do not suggest, of course, that the prospect of a Korean armistice is unwelcome to them. On the contrary! The withdrawal of nearly half the American Army from its exposed position on this peninsula is something which the Pentagon has been demanding for many months. Taken in isolation, the end of fighting in Korea would suit Mr. Eisenhower's Cold War strategy admirably and enable him to increase the pressure on Communist China elsewhere. But

it cannot be taken in isolation. One immediate result will be that the United Nations resolution banning the export to China of strategic war materials will automatically lapse. With it will go the only justification for the blockade of the China Coast by the American Seventh Fleet and Chiang Kai-shek. If that blockade continues after the armistice is signed, there can no longer be any pretence that it is a sanction imposed on an aggressor. Instead the world will be presented with a picture of America actively supporting a war of intervention. This may satisfy Senator McCarthy and the China Lobby, but it will be difficult to find any support for it outside the United States.

But Mr. Eisenhower's troubles do not stop here. A Korean armistice is due to be followed by a Peace Conference at which the future of Formosa will be discussed, and simultaneously the demand will be raised at Lake Success that the Peking Government should be given the seat on the Security Council to which it is entitled. Moreover, such stirrings of peace in the Pacific can hardly leave Europe unaffected. It was only in the atmosphere of panic created by the outbreak of the Korean war that Britain and France were over-persuaded to accept the rearmament of Western Germany. Even before Malenkov and Mao Tse-tung started their peace offensive it was doubtful whether the French would ratify the E.D.C.; and the German opposition to treaties which involve at the best the permanent partition of their country, and at the worst its transformation into a European Korea, was immensely powerful even when the chances of agreement between the Great Powers seemed negligible. Mr. Dulles at least, after his visit to Europe, must realise that if the Russians do not propose Four-Power talks on Germany someone else certainly will. And that would mean yet another postponement in raising the twelve German divisions which the Pentagon wants, and yet another argument for slowing down the pace of Nato's rearmament.

Mr. Eisenhower must feel a sense of nightmare when he envisages this fearsome coil of consequences writhing out of the huts in the compound at Panmunjon. Ever since the Korean war broke out there has been a conflict within America and throughout the whole non-Communist world about its significance. Some of us—and we were abused at the time for saying so—argued that though N. Korea probably began the attack, this was far from being a case of "unprovoked Russian aggression" even by proxy. When others urged that the 38th Parallel should be crossed and Korea unified, we argued that the war should be confined within the narrowest limits, and protested when MacArthur's recklessness involved the Chinese army. But the anti-Communist crusaders who dominate the American scene felt no such doubts. For them the Korean war was a godsend; and since 1950 they have used it to "pressure" first, the Democratic administration and then America's allies to accept their brand of "tough uncompromising realism." Gradually, they have persuaded London as well as Washington to accept the impossibility of peaceful co-existence and to denounce as appeasement the mere suggestion that, before we burned all our bridges in China and Germany, we should make one more attempt to negotiate peace. Now it looks as though that attempt is being forced upon us—by the Russians. If the Korean war ends, not through America's toughness but owing to Communist conciliation, then the basis of America's whole policy in Europe and Asia—and with it of the free world's precarious near-war economy—is threatened.

It would be stupid to underestimate the pressures which will be brought to bear in Downing Street as well as in the White House in order to prevent the peace now breaking out in Korea from spreading to the rest of the world. Cold War soon creates its own vested interests. Geared to a volume of Defence production which can only be maintained by American dollar assistance and American purchases of tanks and aircraft, the British economy is more exposed to the threat of peace than any other. A sudden cut in American aid or reduction of off-shore purchases could undo within a few months Mr. Butler's vaunted programme of recovery and precipitate large-scale unemployment

But to mention these risks is to remind ourselves of the far greater risks in which Anglo-American intransigence has involved us since 1950. If the choice is between suffering the pangs of a peace-slump and enjoying the prosperity of a rearmament boom the inhabitants of these islands at least can be in no doubt which to choose.

Mr. Butler's Private Petard

THE Budget which Mr. Butler is due to present to Parliament on Tuesday will have been framed before the Chancellor could allow his mind to be influenced by the possibility of "peace breaking out", with all the consequential repercussions of such an event on the American economy and world markets. Such factors apart, he has problems of his own in plenty. The *Economic Survey* revealed frankly the fact that the Chancellor's "success" in stabilising Britain's balance of foreign payments and in reversing inflationary trends had been achieved almost entirely by bringing about a sharp fall in the rate of investment in stocks and (to a lesser degree) plant, as well as in personal consumption. The result was that, despite the stimulus of increased Government expenditure, the creation of real wealth—the "gross national product"—significantly declined. In asserting modestly that "total demand is no longer excessive", the authors of the *Survey* appeared to hint at recognition by Mr. Butler that continuance of his disinflationary policy would lead inevitably to a disastrously impoverishing drop in production and a degree of unemployment for which even the Tory Party would not care to shoulder responsibility. In short, now that "economic activity has become much more directly dependent on the assessment made by business people of economic prospects", the *Survey* appeared to be cautiously building a case for some relaxation of the disinflationary screw. Unless, therefore, the Chancellor were to decide that a "hard" Budget would be the only means of securing an adequate volume of savings, and that the slack in the economy would be taken up in response to a reduction in Bank rate, it would seem logical to expect next Tuesday's Budget to be framed on lines sufficiently "soft" to be, within limits, stimulating to the economy as well as popular with Tory voters.

If such be Mr. Butler's general aim, he will nevertheless have to admit that he has not much room for manœuvre. So far as the Budget accounts themselves are concerned, the outcome for 1952-53 is not propitious. With income tax, profits tax and revenue from Customs and Excise all "disinflated" below last April's expectations, total revenue, at £4,439m., showed a short-fall of over £220m. On the other side, even after crediting Defence aid and excluding the Sinking Fund appropriation, expenditure totalled £4,315m. Thus the surplus "above the line" was only £124m. Instead of covering the whole of the "below the line" expenditure, as he planned, Mr. Butler had an overall deficit of £400m.—i.e., he left uncovered substantially the whole of the "works and buildings" loans made to local authorities. This, however, does not mean that he will have absolutely no scope for tax remissions. He may not care to forego the respectability of budgeting for an overall balance; but it would be possible to limit "below the line" expenditure by making local authorities have greater recourse to the capital market. Moreover, he has already cut his "above the line" estimate by over £140m. If he were to take an optimistic view of revenue from existing taxes (including a full year's yield from the Excess Profits Levy), and were also to budget for a further sizeable reduction in food subsidies, he might feel able to make quite a substantial remission in taxation without making his Budget technically disreputable.

It is when he comes to consider how much he should remit, and in what directions, that Mr. Butler's troubles begin. If he were to take the easy and popular way of stimulating general demand and helping depressed industries by a combination of cuts in income tax and purchase tax, he would not merely run the risk of damaging export prospects by courting retaliatory demands for wage increases from the trade unions as an offset to reduced food subsidies; he would run the more immediate risk of causing an expansion of imports and unbalancing once again his foreign payments account. Clearly he cannot go far, or at least ought not to go far, in that direction; for he can hardly ignore the fact that the de-stocking which aided his balance of foreign payments last year was a "once-for-all" operation. Moreover, it would be extremely sanguine to rely on an increase in private savings from tax remissions which benefited individual incomes and purchasing power. It would seem, therefore, that, on the basis of Tory conceptions, any tax remissions should be directed selectively towards stimulating capital investment in plant, possibly by a renewal—at any rate in "deserving" industries—of the tax-free "initial allowances."

Would that do the trick? Here arises Mr. Butler's real problem. He has created a disinflationary climate which, as the *Survey* implies, is deterring the entrepreneur from

expanding his output or his plant because he cannot be sure that consumption will keep pace with increased production. If he could reckon on better export markets—still more, if he could rely on the fruits of a big Socialist planning of investment and trade over a wide area of the world—he might hope that by easing the tax burden on industrialists, while keeping a tight rein on the purchasing power of the domestic consumer, he could take up the economy's present slack. But he cannot count on either of these assumptions: he must know that the U.S. market is more likely to contract than expand; yet he is wedded to a "market," as opposed to a "planned" economy. Hoist by the petard of his own "success," he seems likely to produce a Budget which is neither sensational nor constructive.

London Diary

THE magistrate who sentenced Jomo Kenyatta and five other Africans in Kapenguria on Wednesday remarked in his summary: "One of the underlying causes of the action of the accused has been their opposition to what was called the colour bar or alleged racial discrimination." It is good that the magistrate admitted, even if in comically legalistic terms, that Mau Mau is a rising against European domination and privilege. His decision that Kenyatta organised the violent side of this Kikuyu rising is still subject to appeal. All that one can say now is that Mau Mau is a horrible but natural development in a society that still holds out so little prospect of peaceful advance for Africans and that though a sufficient amount of force may, of course, suppress the movement temporarily, it will remain underground as long as the "alleged racial discrimination" remains.

* * *

A black mark on a dark horse is never conspicuous and the Russians, in supporting Dag Hammarskjoeld as the new Secretary-General of U.N., overlooked the fact he once sent the Kremlin three pretty fierce "rockets." As Minister of State in the Swedish Foreign Office when a Swedish aircraft was shot down by Soviet 'planes in the Baltic, he sent a series of protests which were as strongly worded as a confirmed neutralist could make them. Against that, Vishinsky might be well disposed to the man who did so much to keep the Swedes out of N.A.T.O. although he marshalled them into O.E.E.C. of which he was one of the "backroom" architects.

Hammarskjoeld (let's call him "Hammershield" as he himself suggests) starts his difficult task with the advantage that as a comparatively unknown figure there are few prejudices against him and if, as is right, the Assembly wants a servant and not a master, his record would qualify him. Although he was Minister in a Social Democratic government (without being a member of the party), he is essentially a civil servant. He might be called the Oliver Franks of Sweden. During the war he was taken out of academic life and made a civil servant, in charge of the Treasury. Then he transferred to the Foreign Office and, like Oliver Franks, became involved in O.E.E.C. For the rest he is a bachelor, reads modern poetry, admires Albert Schweitzer and his slogan "Respect for People," is a believer in the Welfare State on a world scale and is an economist of high calibre.

One who knows him fairly well tells me that those who expect him to be a passive instrument will be surprised. He is "an aggressive neutralist," tough and prickly as a porcupine, and unlikely ever to sacrifice principle to expediency. The "McCarran Boys" are likely to find him extremely recalcitrant to interference with the international rights of the Secretariat. From all accounts, he will restore the independence and dignity of the U.N. which has become shoddy and threadbare in the last few years of Trygve Lie. And, with his background and beliefs, he is likely to extend the useful work of the Technical Assistance Board and the specialised agencies. In fact, he may be both a hammer and a shield.

* * *

The Burmese Ambassador in Washington must not be too squeamish in putting his Government's case against Formosan invaders at the U.N. next week. Judging from articles that have appeared in the *Nation* (Rangoon) there is first-hand evidence for the Burmese allegations that Chiang's guerrillas have been "unofficially reinforced." The paper publishes photographs of three White men killed by Burmese soldiers on March 25. Family photographs and various New York and Washington addresses in notebooks found on the three bodies suggest they were Americans, whilst their diaries showed that they were serving with General Li Mi, training batches of nine men at a time in the use of small-arms.

* * *

One of the minor comedies, I am told, of the rather dreary weeks in Parliament which preceded the Easter recess, were the efforts of the Minister of Education to deny that she ever made the famous 10 per cent. cut in the grants for adult education, and the equal and opposite efforts of Labour questioners to elicit the information which would prove that she did. Miss Horsbrugh says she was "discussing" the matter with the Universities and the W.E.A. when somebody in Fleet Street accused her of having made up her mind and thus poisoned the atmosphere. Since that someone is this periodical, I feel bound to tell Miss Horsbrugh—and Mr. Pickthorn who is her evil genius in this affair—that in denying the cut she is guilty of a terminological inexactitude. Having re-read the letter she sent to the Universities Council for Adult Education and the W.E.A. I have no doubt whatsoever that it announced the cut as a *fait accompli*, and that it was only the storm of protest which the article in this journal provoked that induced Mr. Churchill to find out what the W.E.A. is and tell Miss Horsbrugh to lay off it. The wise politician knows that when he has made a fatuous mistake, the best thing to do is not to wriggle out of it but to admit it frankly. Even if it hurts Mr. Pickthorn, Miss Horsbrugh should follow this precept.

* * *

Mr. W. W. Awori, who was elected Acting President of the Kenya African Union after Mr. Odede's arrest, writes to say that our correspondent was wrong in saying that he was either "warned or threatened" by the Governor of Kenya. He is certainly one of the moderate anti-Mau Mau Africans whose co-operation an intelligent administration must desire. He is an attentive talkative, go-ahead business man. As it happened I saw a good deal of him in Kenya; he gave me a lift in his car from Kisumi through Nyansa province up to the Uganda frontier. Like Odede he is a Luo. He is widely read, particularly in English classics, is rightly proud of his library and likes nothing better than to discuss modern literature. He has done well in business, starting with a profitable trade in the skins of crocodiles killed in Lake Nyansa. He took me off the road to his birth-place. I enjoyed no visit I made in Kenya more than this one. His father was a well-known Protestant Minister and the family live in a compound of African huts in a setting of banana groves. One of the most precious objects in the living hut was a visitors' book signed by distinguished persons including an English bishop who had frequently stayed there. We sat and drank tea under the watchful eyes of Mr. Awori's brothers and sisters. They were of all ages and sizes. They were most friendly and polite. There were sixteen of them.

* * *

I hope that those Labour M.P.s who are still enthusiasts for African federation will read carefully the letter we publish this week from Brigadier Ralston. Last August, he wrote a letter to this journal complaining that "by its academic opposition to federation the Labour Party has allied itself with the most reactionary elements in Africa," and suggesting that most of the Africans were uninformed or uninterested in the issue. At that time, Mr. Ralston was hoping for a change of heart in the British Labour Party. Events have changed his mind; he now unhappily concedes that federation may well take Central Africa far down the road that South African Fascism is travelling. This confirms my view that there is a liberal and fair-minded minority in South Rhodesia. Mr. Ralston seems to think it is now too late to fight. But he and his friends should realise that they have the support of the vast majority outside their country.

* * *

Trying to drive or park a car in London since last quarter day has been a mug's game. Unfortunately for each mug, there are several million other mugs. Every now and again a newspaper comes out with some startling solution for the traffic problem, but we all know in our hearts that there is no way-out short of knocking down a lot more of London and then reducing the number of cars. I doubt if the official proposal for car parks under the squares would considerably improve matters. Apart from the threat to London's trees (which alone make the air bearable), there is the objection that motorists will not voluntarily bury their cars in garages when they can find space to park at the risk of being merely fined. The alternative is compulsion, and that seems to involve almost insuperable problems, as in the U.S. Theoretically one can say that "through traffic" should be compelled to go round London by one of the by-pass roads, and that only people with special reasons for moving about from one place to another (such as doctors or tradesmen with delivery vans) would be allowed to park in the streets. One has only to state this as a practical proposition to see why those who would have to administer it give up in despair. In the meantime, the police do their best—at least I suppose they do. I think of one *cul-de-sac* which I have reason to know well. All day it is solidly lined on both sides of the road with parked cars. Recently people who had reason to get their cars to the bottom end and found it impossible to edge their way between the two lines, sent for the police. The inspector took a very high line. In future, he said, no cars should be parked in this street at all. This was a little hard on residents. For about one day the street was almost empty of cars. Then they all came back again. I didn't understand why, if the police were serious, they did not put up a notice keeping one side of the street free of cars and allowing parking on the other. I came to the conclusion that they have given up, and that

they merely go through the motions of control and prosecution much in the same way as they do in the matter of prostitution.

CRITIC

SWEDISH HINDSIGHT

Described as the sort of man who reads THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION from the back [Mr. Dag Hammarskjoeld] is reliably reported never to reach the front.—Alistair Cooke in *Manchester Guardian*, April 2.

We are gratified indeed
That Uno's super-Swede
New Statesmanship regards with partiality,
Although he makes selection
And skips a vital section
Because of his impeccable neutrality.

He scans the hinder parts,
Devoted to the arts,
To book-reviews and week-end whimsicality,
For ballet and *belles lettres*,
Crosswords, chess-games, *et cet.*
Present no serious challenge to neutrality.

He never reads right through,
Front and back pages too
Combining in harmonious duality,
For, by no means inferior
To our cultural posterior,
Our front inclines to undermine neutrality.

He always steps aside
Before the great divide,
Since neutrals shun political reality,
And comment bold and rational
On aspects international
Upset the equilibrium of neutrality.

This neutralist sincere,
Though browsing in the rear,
We welcome with unbounded cordiality—
As General Secretary
We know he must be wary
Lest Senators impugn his full neutrality.

But when the world's asleep
We hope he'll take a peep
In some clandestine and retired locality—
A crypto-Liberal reader
Of every front-page leader,
Resolved on more New Statesman-like neutrality.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Equally unsuitable, Miss Avery said, were the parables of the unjust steward and of the labourers in the vineyard—particularly to children who had been brought up with some knowledge of trade union practices.—*Yorkshire Post.* (A. W. Welch.)

When my girl friend and I get a train compartment to ourselves, we don't just sit looking vaguely out of the window. We practise square dancing.—*Woman.* (R. W. Dargavel.)

A man who owns a house and garden on the sea front . . . and who has the misfortune to have sand blown by nature into his garden, requires the permission of the local planning authority to remove that sand. "It goes further than that, because by the proposition of the planning authority, in the act of removing that sand the owner is engaged in a mining operation and is winning sand."—*Crosby Herald.* (G. W. H. Leytham.)

The capitalist Press does not know what to say about the release of the Moscow doctors, but feels impelled to say something.—*Daily Worker.* (A. Warren.)

The effect of 10 M.P.s going through a division lobby is equal to the effect of a one kilowatt fire.—*Evening Standard.* (R. Sara.)

The Malenkov Amnesty

THE Amnesty proclaimed by Marshal Voroshilov as head of the Supreme Soviet, but in reality by the Malenkov Government, would seem to be—though we still do not know all the ins and outs—an event of very great importance which may well foreshadow an internal evolution in the Soviet Union of a kind that seemed unthinkable under Stalin. Those who say that the Amnesty was decreed because "Russian morale was so shaky" that something drastic had to be done are surely barking up the wrong tree. It seems, on the contrary, true to say that the nation-wide reaction produced by Stalin's death testified to a degree of loyalty towards the régime which exceeded all estimates. Even so, the Kremlin must have known all along that among most or, at any rate, many people in Russia there was a desire for certain changes; and the Malenkov Government must have thought this a good moment for making some important concessions, the purpose of which was (*a*) to reward the people, as it were, for their loyalty; (*b*) to make the new leaders, and especially Malenkov, popular—even if it meant "doing better than Stalin"; (*c*) to create the impression that life was going on, and that, after the great man's death, there would be no long period of Stalin fetishism and post-Stalin fossilisation; and, finally, (*d*) to cut the ground from under the feet of so much foreign propaganda, according to which "slave labour" was the heart of the Soviet economy.

It may be worth noting that, in the last few days, the Soviet press has dwelt specially on two subjects, seemingly unconnected, and yet psychologically very much part of the same thing: the Amnesty and—housing. In the articles on housing—a subject which, in the large towns at any rate, is still the main source of grumbling—the enthusiasm displayed over all the gas-cookers, electric irons, mechanical dustbins, and other gadgets with which the new blocks of flats will be equipped, is worthy of the more lyrical effusions of Western women's magazines. And all this in the middle of *Pravda* and *Izvestia*! One *Izvestia* editorial last week was called "Let's Have More Nice Furniture"; and another, on March 20, was entitled "The Welfare of the People is the Highest Law of the Party of Lenin and Stalin." Instead of quoting any of Stalin's sterner demands for vigilance and austerity, the writer dug up a 1934 Stalin quotation:

> Socialism means not poverty, but the abolition of poverty and privations, the organisation of a life of prosperity, well-being and culture for every member of the community.

The idea isn't new; yet it seems significant that it should have been given all this prominence just at this very moment, and that the Soviet citizen should be treated to these assurances that his well-being is "the highest law of the Party"—a pleasant change from the sinister and ominous "vigilance" drive, foreshadowing an early war and an intensification of police supervision, of only a few weeks ago.

Is it Malenkov's intention then to create not only a *détente* in the international field but also, parallel to it, a feeling of peace and security at home—and a chance of "relaxing"—which is clearly foreshadowed in the proposed new legislation on labour discipline? The Amnesty's main points are:

(1) All prisoners with sentences of not more than five years are to be released.

(2) All prisoners are to be released, regardless of their sentence, who have been convicted of crimes and offences committed in their official capacity, or for economic or military crimes or offences (there follow the relevant articles of the penal code).

(3) Mothers of small children, pregnant women, young offenders under 18, women over 50, men over 55, and incurably sick people are, regardless of their sentence, to be released.

(4) Sentences of more than five years are to be cut in half.

(5) All cases now under examination are to be dropped, provided they are not concerned with crimes punishable by more than five years' imprisonment.

Important also is Article 6 concerning the revision of legal dossiers and the "full rehabilitation" of people who have served their sentences. (This Article seems to concern chiefly survivors of the 1936-38 purges who are still suffering from some sort of "national indignity," and other ex-prisoners still living under police supervision and under various residential and civic restrictions.) Further, Article 7 says that the Amnesty is not to apply to persons sentenced to more than five years for "counter-revolutionary crimes, important thefts of state property, banditism and premeditated murder." Finally, Article 8 foreshadows a far-reaching reform of the criminal law, making various economic and disciplinary offences no longer punishable by prison and deportation, but by disciplinary and other much milder measures. This, and the release of all "economic offenders" should immensely improve the atmosphere in Soviet industry; and it is probable that Malenkov is satisfied that these changes will not have an adverse effect on production.

Who, then, is going to be released? Since there was in the Soviet Union, in common with most other belligerent countries, quite a considerable crime wave between 1945 and 1948, it has been estimated that the number of common criminals and offenders may well run into several hundred thousand—most of whom must, however, have been sentenced to less than five years. The number of persons sentenced for economic offences in industry and for offences committed by persons in their "official capacity" (these offences range from mismanagement by works' managers to ordinary "slacking" by rank-and-file workers) must be much smaller; but the importance of the Amnesty in their favour lies certainly in the (at least partial) "de-policing" of industry. As for the "military" offences, these represent another interesting point of the decree; and how, one may wonder, is this article of the decree to be applied? Are the substantial number of soldiers sentenced for cowardice, desertion, breaches of discipline, etc. (some of whom must still be serving sentences), going to be released? Does the decree also involve the release of Soviet war prisoners who were later found in Germany, but whose original surrender to the enemy took place in what was considered "unworthy" conditions? For these too—or many of them—were sent to labour camps. Finally, will the decree affect Soviet war prisoners who were later—though often against their will—enrolled in the Vlassov Army? If these three categories of ex-soldiers are to be released, one might well add at least another half a million to the other beneficiaries of the Amnesty, the total number of whom may well run into 1½ millions or more.

Whatever the number of political prisoners, it seems certain that, whatever may have been their number in the '20s and '30s, they cannot have been very numerous since the beginning of the last war—for the simple reason that there has been practically no organised or even unorganised political opposition to the régime, at least within the 1938 borders of the Soviet Union, and least of all in Russia and "old" Ukraine proper. Leaving aside the Crimean Tartars, the Volga Germans and a few Moslem nationalities of the

Northern Caucasus—who were bodily "resettled" in the East for their collaboration with the Nazis (or their potential collaboration in the case of the Volga Germans) and of whose fate very little is known, the only active opposition to the Soviet régime since 1945 came from the Baltic States and especially from the Western Ukraine, where there was still something of a guerilla war until 1947 or 1948. Although one can argue *ad infinitum* on the total number of prisoners in the Soviet Union, the conclusions I reached on the basis of economic data, population figures, and personal observation in an article in this journal in 1948 coincided remarkably with the figures later worked out by the American economist Mr. Naum Yasny, on the basis of even more detailed material. His figure was between 2½ and 3 millions.

As unwarranted as the astronomic figures of anti-Soviet propaganda appears to be the assumption that "slave labour" constitutes an immense and absolutely indispensable part of the whole of Soviet economy. No doubt, in the Twenties and Thirties, it played a fairly important part in Soviet economy; but not now; if it still did, it would have been impossible for Malenkov, with the best will in the world, to release two-thirds or three-quarters of his "slaves" without creating economic chaos in the country. One of the things the Amnesty certainly shows is that this "slave labour" is no longer essential to the country's economy.

The decree raises another important point. Does the Soviet system feel strong enough to resort to more humane and "normal" judicial methods which, in the case of "political" offenders, were always considered "awkward" and "impracticable" in the past? Will an end be put to the "3 o'clock knock on the door"? This may be hoping for too much; and yet one may well wonder, especially in connection with Article 8 of the decree, whether the Malenkov Amnesty is not going to prove a first step towards a relaxing of police methods and a humanisation of the law, not only in the case of industry, but more generally?

It is, of course, hard to say who exactly in the Party and the Government initiated the Amnesty. There can be little doubt that there must have been some fierce resistance to the measure from some people—if only because Stalin had never consented to an Amnesty of this scope. It therefore seems likely that there must have been certain people very high up in the Party who were waiting for Stalin's death to propose and bring about the Amnesty. Lovers of the over-simple and the sensational might argue that Marshal Zhukov, who was under a cloud while Stalin lived, but became Deputy Defence Minister the day after his death, had something to do with it. He is certainly the most popular figure in the Red Army, and Stalin is generally believed to have thought him *too* popular. It is, of course, possible that Zhukov may have played a part in bringing about the Amnesty (what specially suggests this are the measures in favour of the ex-soldiers); but it is even more probable that the measure was fully supported by certain very important people in the Party itself—Malenkov most probably among them.

The theory that the Amnesty represents the relaxation of conflicting stresses in the Party is supported by the astonishing *dénouement* to the story of the "Doctors' plot." There were evidently some sharp rivalries and conflicts in the high spheres of the Party in January and February—conflicts which it is hard to detach completely from a "plot" which obviously somebody was trying to use against somebody else. Has Stalin's death, one may well wonder, put an end—at least for the present—to these rivalries? Or are we to believe that Stalin, a sick man, "fell" for a story cooked up by Public Security officials, and insisted on the doctors' arrest—possibly against the advice of *both* Beria and Malenkov? Is it significant that Stalin is no longer being "played up" in the Moscow press?

ALEXANDER WERTH

Gandhi's Disciple and Land Reform

FOR India, land reform is the key: it alone can release the peasant from serfdom and open the gate to rural prosperity. Planners, statesmen, technical experts all agree; Communists grapple with the land problem drastically and ruthlessly; even capitalists preach the necessity for land reform and social revolution—everywhere but at home. Faced with this vital issue, India admits its urgency. The Five Year Plan of the Nehru Government declares: "The future of land ownership and cultivation constitutes perhaps the most fundamental issue in national development. To a large extent the pattern of economic and social organisation will depend upon the manner in which the land problem is resolved." Two divergent methods of resolving it are being officially sponsored. A third way is being tried under private inspiration, with official support.

The Five Year Plan is the national policy which the State governments are expected to translate into legislation and action modified to meet systems and circumstances varying greatly in different provinces. Inheritance customs have redistributed so much land that the vast majority of holdings have been reduced to scattered, uneconomic fragments. To consolidate the small patches held by the poorer cultivators is as desirable as to reduce the enormous estates of the wealthy landowners. Even more compelling needs are to give the tiller the satisfaction of ploughing his own soil and of reaping the fruits of his toil; and to provide a similar share in the life and produce of the countryside to the landless labourer.

India's leadership must accomplish these tasks by peaceful processes or make way for a regime that will tackle them violently. Bold, fearless action is called for, and a strong refusal to be intimidated by vested interests. Unhappily, in official policy timidity and compromise have won the day so far. Convinced that progress can be made only if national unity is maintained, and that he must, if possible, take all sections of the community with him, Nehru has reluctantly allowed the brakes to be applied. Knowledge of his own strength in terms of popular support, and awareness that he could put through with the enthusiasm of the masses behind him almost any plan he cared to fight for, seem to be counterbalanced by estimates of the damage powerful Indian and foreign interests could inflict on the nation's economy if they dared to join battle with him. Yet foreign financial aid, so essential to India's regeneration, would appear to be more nervous of half-measures than of radical remedies. "It is sheer waste to aid an under-developed agricultural country that lacks the courage to establish land reform which gives the cultivators the right to till their own land," wrote Chester Bowles, the recently retired American Ambassador. "This is only the first of a series of Plans," one of its apologists for a day explained; "the peaceful revolution is postponed." If so, the other kind of revolution may be hastened. India cannot afford to waste time. She needs to buy time, to show the tiller that something is happening at last for his benefit, to ensure the backing of the solid mass of the people—the peasantry.

The way to any sort of land reform had first to be cleared by abolishing the *zemindari* system of rent-receiving intermediaries whose extortions have long weighed heavily on the tillers. In face of legal obstruction by the landlord class, a number of States have made headway in this direction, but a few have yet to take the first steps. Even where the old system is being abolished, there is danger of the State merely taking the place of the landlord, of Government officials continuing oppression, and of heavy compensation increasing the peasants' indebtedness.

Although the principle of compensation is laid down in the Constitution, measures to reduce land values are not contemplated. The redistribution of land is not being squarely faced. Declaring that "the increase of agricultural production represents the highest priority in planning over the next few years," the Five Year Planners decide that "substantial owners directly engaged in managing their land without the intervention of tenants constitute a very small number." They admit, however, that reliable records are not available, and that an immediate census of holdings and cultivation is necessary. What records there are show a great preponderance of absentee landlords. Absent or present, so many are of the Brahmin caste to whom any manual contact with the land or even the plough is anathema that the claim to "personal cultivation" is absurd.

There has been a tense struggle behind the scenes over the question of limiting the size of holdings. The principle was at first rejected, then accepted. But the interests won the day, and the decision on the extent of holdings is passed to the States, where the power of the local owners is even greater, and debate and delay are possible. States are recommended to fix upper limits for future acquisition and for resumption of personal cultivation. A limit below which holdings should not be sub-divided is also recommended. An upper limit of from 30 to 50 acres has been imposed already in some areas. Consolidation of small holdings is in progress in certain States, and the Plan proposes co-operative management and the laying down of legal standards of efficiency under the control of the village *panchayat* (council) which, dominated as it is by caste and outworn custom, unfortunately cannot be regarded as a dynamic organisation to revolutionise rural life.

Long before the partition of India and any question of a plebiscite in Kashmir arose, Sheikh Abdullah's National Conference drew up its "New Kashmir" programme. In fulfilment of that plan, Abdullah's Government has redistributed the land without compensation. Others have made pronouncements on the only way to avert Communism: Abdullah has acted. In view of the strength of public opinion, the landlords have acquiesced with more or less good grace, conceding that the wrongs of centuries have been partially righted. The peasants declare that they are tilling the land with much greater heart and energy now it is their own. "I wish that we in the rest of India could make as rapid progress in land reform," Nehru commented.

How to appease land hunger, how to check the drift to Communism, how to redistribute land without the crushing burden of compensation—these problems vexed the mind of Vinobe Bhave, closest disciple of Gandhi. He made a pilgrimage to Telangana, scene of forced seizures of land by Communists, where the peasants were sickened by successive waves of violence, by the landlords, the Fascists Razakars, the Communists, and the armed police. "The gun has failed," he said; and, after helping to persuade the Communists to

abandon violence for the time being, he sought a non-violent solution. People offered him land for the landless. "Have they gone mad? What makes them part with their land that is so dear to them?" he asked. Then the light dawned. Here was the answer: land given voluntarily, without compensation and with goodwill. He launched a Land Gifts Mission, and now walks through the countryside, holding prayer meetings as Gandhi did and accepting gifts of land freely offered for redistribution to the landless.

Some give him all their land. Whole villages have been presented to him. A recent gift was of 100,000 acres. He is asking for 70,000,000 acres by 1957, when the next election is due, and has received nearly 800,000 acres already. "Like sunshine, air and water, land is free. Every son of the soil has an equal right to a share in Mother Earth," he declares. All parties except the Communist are supporting the Crusade. Governments are passing Bills to legalise the transfer of land to the landless, one-third of the gifts being allotted to the castes formerly scheduled as Untouchable. The Five Year Planners give Vinobe their formal blessing: and one of his keenest helpers in the campaign is Jai Prakash Narain, the Socialist leader. NORMAN CLIFF

Eastern Germany

II. The Soviet Impact

THE Russian hegemony over all East German institutions and policies is completely open. Government and Party officials not only admit and accept this hegemony; they also go out of their way to popularise it as a special blessing. Every campaign conducted by the Socialist Unity Party or the Government deliberately cites the Soviet example as a prototype which every honest citizen should be glad to take as his model. German railwaymen, for instance, have been admonished to follow the heroic example of the Soviet Deputy and railwayman Blashenov, and to learn from the superior Russian methods associated with the names of Lunin, Bataisk and Losinsky. Other workers have been blamed because of their lack of enthusiasm for the new Mamedov working techniques or for the Kovaljov method of scientifically founded working norms. One of the outstanding heroines put before the entire German working class as a model for imitation is the Russian stakhanovite, Nina Nasarovna. Workers in the Iron Ore Combine Ost have been told to take their inspiration from the *stakhanov* welder Umara Mahomet and the model Soviet driver Machov.

But the Sovietisation campaign does not stop at the propaganda for new economic policies, such as the drive for the collectivisation of agriculture or the novel industrial working methods and wage scales. It has been extended to practically every field of activity. Schools and universities now work mainly with translated Russian textbooks. German composers have been urged to use the Russian national opera as the model for a German national opera. The (Communist) author of an article on Karl Marx written in honour of the official "Karl Marx Year 1953" has been severely criticised for his failure to use this occasion for a special eulogy of Lenin and Stalin.

The constant appearance in official speeches and newspaper articles of Russian names and Russian terms (which sound as foreign to the German as to the English ear) makes this Sovietisation campaign all the more conspicuous as something foreign and imposed from without. An incidental result is that many Germans have got into the habit of quite unconsciously using Russian rather than German terms when they speak of things they particularly dislike. Thus peasants who are opposed to collective farms hardly ever use the official German term *Produktionsgenossenschaft* but nearly always use the Russian term *kholchose*. They do not speak of the campaign against the *Grossbauern*, but of the campaign "to exterminate the *kulaks*." Similarly, workers who object to the new working techniques rarely use the official term "activists" but prefer to use the Russian term *stakhanovites*.

Furthermore, people tend to regard every innovation as something imported from Russia, whether it is or not. When, for instance, refugees talked to me of the recent introduction of "housebooks," they always referred to them as an imported Soviet institution. They did not actually know whether such things as "housebooks" exist in Russia, but as they are a very typical innovation of the present regime, this was taken for granted. "Housebooks" are registers which must be kept for every house or block of flats, both in the Eastern zone and in the Eastern sector of Berlin. According to the official regulations, they must contain the names and personal particulars of every inhabitant and every visitor staying for more than three days. These registers are in addition to the records kept by the Police to whom Germans must in any case report whenever they move to another address, get married or divorced or change their names. The "housebook" is kept by the so-called *Hausobmann*—a sort of house deputy—who is responsible to the Police for keeping exact records and who must immediately inform the Police if anyone moves in or out or has visitors staying. The purpose of these "housebooks" was made plain in an article in an East Berlin Communist newspaper which explained that "Regular comparisons of the records kept by the People's Police with the actual movements of the population show frequent differences because some citizens do not properly fulfil their duty in keeping the Police informed of their movements. . . . Through the housebook, every inhabitant is made to fulfil his duty to report conscientiously and, at the same time, the tenants can control whether or not their house serves as a hiding place for criminals. . . ."

The house deputy, I was told by several East Germans whom I questioned, does more than supply the Police with an independent check on their own information; he also acts in certain ways as a link between the individual tenant and various local authorities. He serves under a "street deputy" who, in turn, is under the authority of a "district deputy." The house deputy is elected by the tenants of a house or block of flats who are free to choose for that purpose anyone they want. The street deputy is elected by all the inhabitants of the street, but —as I was independently told by several people from different areas in the Eastern zone—on this level, candidates for election are usually (though apparently not always) nominated by the local Communists. The district deputy, on the next level, is, I was assured, in every case a party member or a reliable follower who is either directly appointed or "elected" in the absence of other candidates.

So far as I could gather from many talks about this particular subject, a very similar or even identical pattern exists in the trade unions, the Free Democratic Youth and the other official mass organisations. In all these organisations—and the same seems to be also very largely true for the licensed non-Communist parties—the lowest units on the local or workshop level appear to enjoy a certain measure of genuine freedom to air their grievances, discuss their problems and even elect their spokesmen. But once they have been elected, the spokesmen are no longer able to act as spokesmen. They are immediately and automatically incorporated into the lowest and wholly uninfluential grade of a hierarchy where, as a matter of principle (known as "democratic centralism") all decisions are made at the top.

This combination of some genuine democratic freedom at the lowest level with a complete lack of political power or even political influence on important decisions seemed to me the most characteristic feature of the new East German regime. That protests or objections from the lower ranks would not only be futile but highly dangerous anyone can gather, even without any kind of "inside information," who has access to the East German press. Nearly every newspaper contains some accusations against individuals who are branded for some kind of sin or crime, ranging from comparatively mild deviations to alleged treason or—in a strikingly frequent number of cases—sabotage. Just as frequent—if one is to judge from the East German press—is the new crime of *Boycott-Hetze* ("incitement to boycott"), a vague term for any action or agitation which could theoretically result in the "boycott" of peace or any of the new institutions of the German Democratic Republic. Anyone found guilty of *Boycott-Hetze* is liable to be sentenced to many years hard labour. A crime so vaguely defined that it can comprise almost anything, from the smuggling of a few West German newspapers over the zonal border to incautious remarks in a restaurant or railway compartment, has become one of the handiest weapons against the emergence of any kind of opposition.

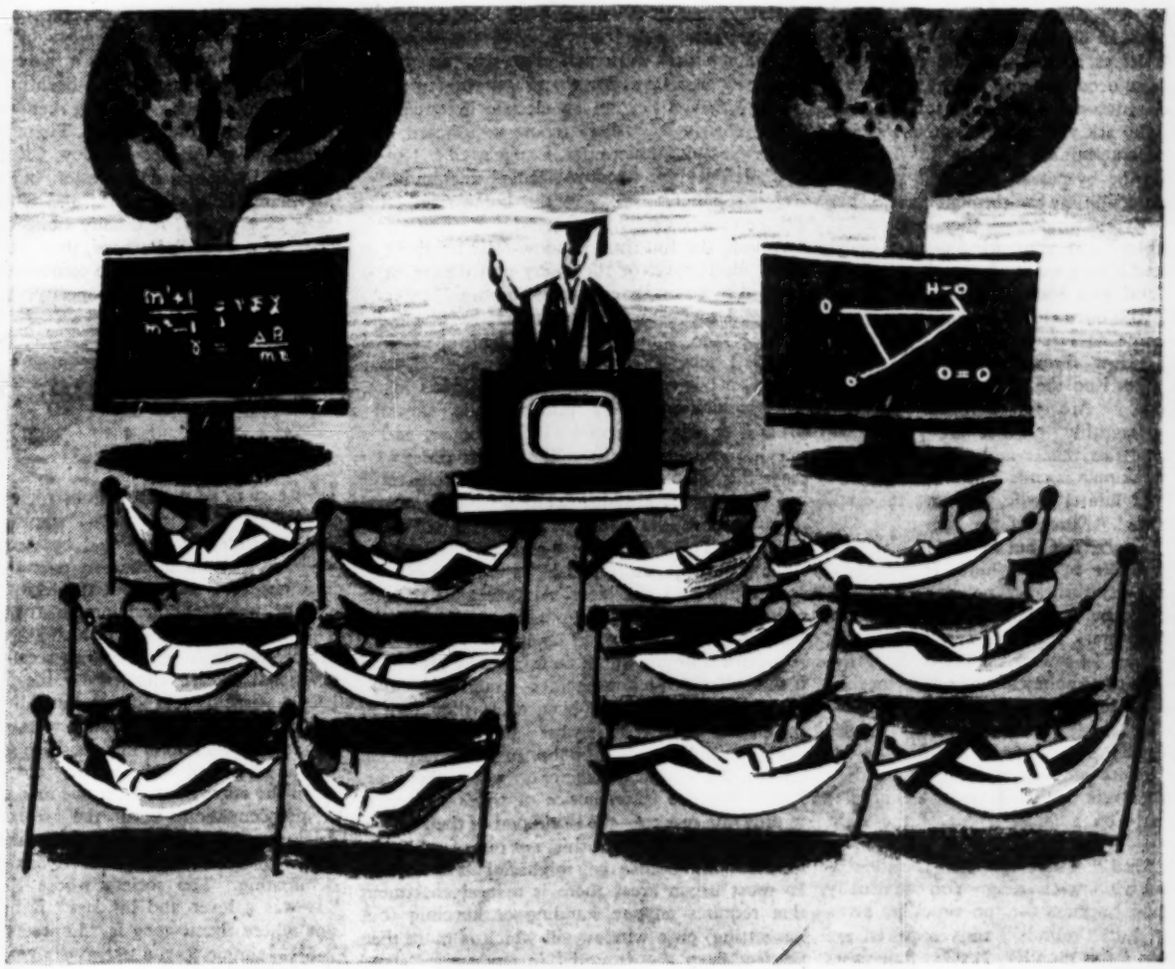
EVELYN ANDERSON

The Light Brigade

THE man who cleans my windows has had a television set for years. "There you are," people say, "that's where all the money is. Fifty years ago window-cleaners couldn't afford such a thing." (But they probably had never-never pianos; cigarettes were twenty for fourpence; and most people cleaned their own windows.) Being unable to afford television is to day's boast among those who spend their money differently; window-cleaners, I find (for I have been inquiring), are not the plutocrats they are made out to be.

Admittedly there is money in window-cleaning, attractive alike to the bus-conductor off duty and to the joint stock company employing a thousand bucket-and-ladder men. Between these extremes is the whole-time freelance, the self-employed man cycling round the suburbs, homicidally balancing a ladder on his left shoulder and working whatever hours may suit him. He is worth our main attention, for he is the window-cleaner proper. The odd-jobbers and the big firms are sports. The belief that such a man earns a four-figure income is arrived at by a particularly unsubtle arithmetic. Mine takes an hour to do the job and charges me ten shillings. In an eight-hour day, says this arithmetic, he gets £4, in a six-day week £24, and in a year—if he takes no holiday—£1,248.

I am satisfied that, charging ten shillings an hour (for which, I have newly and uneasily realised, he cleans about 1,200 square feet of glass) mine earns on an average £9 a week gross. For half the year, the "eight-hour day" is in fact little more than a five-hour day. "People don't want you at bedroom windows before about nine at the earliest, and when it's dark at four you can't start on an hour's job after about half-past-two." I heard this from a number of suburban men, and

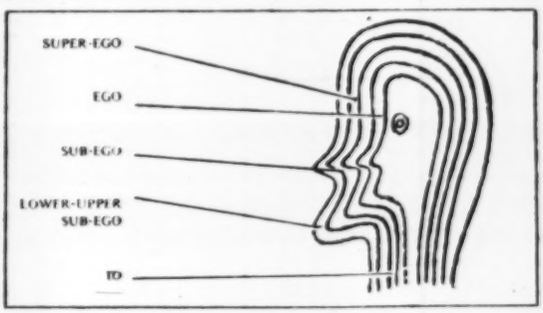


Schweppshire shows the Way—2

THE TECHNIQUE OF SLUMBERCRAM

(*SLEEP WHILE YOU LEARN*)

It was our pioneer educationist Monteschworri who first shouted EAT CAKE NOISILY to her infant charges in order, by counter-suggestion and general Reacting Against, to ensure stubborn silence and peace at tea-times. Using the same technique, the Youth-boss or Magister of our school of Schwepponomics begins his seminar by ordering his students to keep on the alert. During the deep sleep which immediately follows, the paths to deeper knowledge are unblocked, diagrams and television demonstrations are felt rather than merely seen, and a simple repetition, if necessary by gramophone, of Euclid Book Six, the Law of Demand Curves, or the influence of Jane Austen, is indelibly printed on the more delicately receptive under-cortex or deeper matrix — to put it in the simplest possible language — of the student mind.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

learned also that most of them arrange their itinerary so as to get home to midday dinner.

The intervals between completed jobs, the packing up, the getting paid, the cycling (or walking uphill) to the next client's house—these reduce the earning time in obvious ways; but there are unforeseeable delays, such as the fruitless journeys to houses whose occupants are away from home, or think it looks too much like rain for window-cleaning, or who ask you to call another day because they are entertaining visitors. Such clients are the first to be by-passed when the window-cleaner is making up time lost through bad weather or sickness. Every window-cleaner keeps a list of "expendables"; if your windows are being rather neglected it may well be because you are an expendable, and you should ponder why it is that the man who once cleaned them so regularly has now become so erratic. Do you turn him away often? How frequently, arriving home, do you find a card on the mat saying "window-cleaner called"? Are you a weekly, a fortnightly, or a monthly? These are progressive degrees of unattractiveness and expendability.

My £9 a week man spends 38s. a week in rent, £4 on food for himself, wife, and two children, and 15s. on fuel. Much of the remaining 47s. could go on Income Tax, but he was bland about this and I forebore to press him. He carries a £5,000 third party insurance policy (this covers injury to people he may fall on and damage to things he may break), an accident policy that would secure him £4 a week for life on total disablement, and a theft policy to protect his bicycle, sidecar, and ladders. The premiums for these cost him about 7s. 6d. a week; and a good many clients, especially shopkeepers, demand to see the policies before employing him. He seldom takes more than one day's holiday at a time, because he insists on a *locum tenens* of the right kind.

The right kind? There is a non-transferable goodwill about window-cleaning. You can usually buy a one-man business for ten times its gross weekly value, but "rounds" thus acquired are usually dead in a few months. It takes four years to establish a window-cleaning business, most of my informants agreed (and none of them put it lower than three). "People have got to get used to you," one of them assured me. "They often leave their keys out for you to get in with, and no one wants to go locking everything up whenever the windows are going to be cleaned. You can't buy and sell that kind of confidence. Of course with a company it's different, but they don't work the suburbs any more than we work the West End offices. And these people in the suburbs, most of them won't have any truck with window-cleaning companies; they don't like having a different man each time." And the window-cleaner is widely welcomed as an odd-job man, a man who can take down and put up curtains, repair a frayed flex on an electric iron, clear a drain, change a washer, renew a sashcord. In households of women only, I suggested? Not at all: men, say the window-cleaners unanimously, are increasingly useless in the home, and odd-job men increasingly in demand.

Among the full-time window-cleaners there is bitter disapproval of the many part-timers, who are said to be under-cutting, "pirating," exploiting—and to be merely concerned, for the most part, to meet some short-term financial need or want. I met three part-timers: a stage-door keeper, a bus-conductor, and a gas-fitter's mate, who were respectively putting their earnings towards a holiday, a new chicken house, and a television set. I was also told of a part-timer who plays the viola in one of our national orchestras; but this man is cleaning windows for no short-term purpose—he does it to feed his wife and children. The view of the "regulars" is that the trade should be controlled by law, preferably by registration and licensing. At present it is wide open to the thief who knows how to exploit the aura of probity conferred by ladder and bucket. A considerable amount of theft could be prevented if the police—or a householder—could demand to see a window-cleaner's licence, as they can in the case of a pedlar or hawker; and the grant of a licence would obviously be made conditional upon a favourable police report as to character.

The law has taken notice of window-cleaners in only one respect—the likelihood of their falling from window sills; and this, not out of solicitude for them but because they might fall on the public. In most urban areas there is a local enactment that requires anyone standing or kneeling (but not sitting) on a window sill which is more than six feet from the ground "in any street" (and therefore not at the back of the house) to have in his possession some support which is "sufficient to prevent him from falling." (There must be proof of obstruction, annoyance, or danger to residents or passengers.) Window-cleaners are hilarious about this. They point out that the law doesn't go so far as to require them to wear the "sufficient support." If they work for a company their employers provide them with a safety belt, a rope, and a hook. If they work for themselves they may or may not make the same provision personally (mine doesn't). But it is no one's job, in either case, to see that the rope is hooked on to anything; and if it were, and the man fell to the end of it, the jerk would probably break his back. Those who prefer to comply strictly with the law do so by *sitting* on their window sills as they work, even if they occasionally stand on parapets (which the law has overlooked).

The Court of Appeal has rather emphasised this legal coolness about the window-cleaner's life and limb by ruling that he is not "in the service" of the householder whose windows he is cleaning, and cannot therefore claim on him in the event of injury. "A householder," said Lord Justice Denning in *Christmas v. Caledonian Club* (1951), "employs a window-cleaner as an independent contractor, and leaves it to him to decide how he shall do the work and what safeguards he shall take—whether he shall use ladders or cradles, or simply stand on the sill." Since he has no claim against the occupier, it becomes the duty of his employer (the window-cleaning company) to protect him; and if he is self-employed he must protect himself.

Partly for these reasons, partly because they feel themselves to be a defenceless trade, partly because the insurance companies want them to do so, window-cleaners have sought for years—so far as they can articulate as a body—to establish a system of registration and licensing. For some reason they cannot even bring themselves to combine in making the demand. There is a National Federation of Master Window Cleaners, with a registered office in Manchester, but none of my informants belonged to it; and when I pressed them to say why, it usually came out that they were "too busy." Perhaps, then, they are doing as well as they want to. No combination, trust, or union was ever born of prosperity.

C. H. ROLPH

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For Crying Out Loud . . .

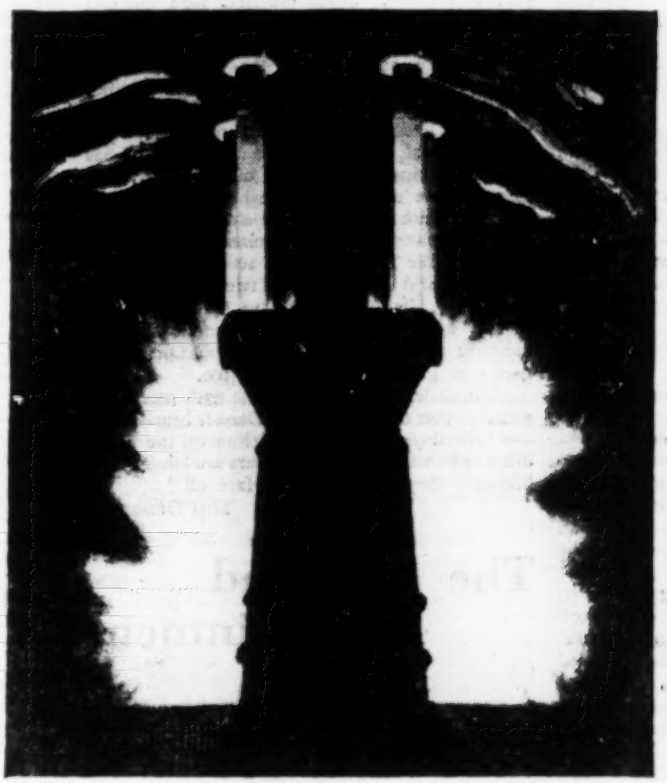
IT is easy to be too portentously superior and too pessimistic about the social significance of the idolatry widely commanded by American song-crooners. Comparable hysterical phenomena have occurred throughout the history of religion and of popular entertainment (two regions of myth and of psychology which have overlapped more often than is sometimes recalled); and the emotional release effected by means of a lush ballad, wistfully and idiosyncratically interpreted, is probably less harmful to the worshippers themselves—and therefore, in a sense, to society—than, say, an obsession with sadistic "comics."

On the other hand, a chronic mood of nostalgia, a preoccupation with the real or fancied grievances of immaturity, a harping on failure rather than on success in love, can obviously be debilitating. The society whose theme-song is "It was a lover and his lass" is healthier than one whose theme-song is "Lonesome and blue."

Mr. Johnnie Ray, a twenty-six-year-old American who owes his public fame largely to a supposed propensity for weeping real tears in the course of his more sentimental numbers (hence his honorific style, "The Nabob of Sob"), is the latest singer to become the *numen* or *shaman* of one of these cults. He is at present in Glasgow, after appearing at the London Palladium throughout Passiontide. His performance, and the demonstrations which it excites, form a fairly extreme example of the *genre*; and an examination of some aspects of his personality and case-history may serve to illumine the general topic.

His stage technique is not unlike that of the Negro revivalist. He "gives" everything. He is rarely still. He punches the air, raises his hands to the gallery and sinks to one knee in agonised entreaty, sweats, gasps, pummels the piano for a few bars, races across the stage again. Most startling is the sheer explosive attack of his singing: he has few *crescendi*, he starts *fortissimo*. For extra emphasis he will seize his straight fair hair and tug it down over his face, or jerk his head convulsively from left to right in time with half-a-dozen consecutive beats.

Mr. Ray is differentiated from many other stars not so much by the speed and size of his success as by the fact that success itself has in some respects intensified the pressure of some emotional conflicts. His rise to wealth and fame has indeed been extraordinary. Less than two years ago he was making a meagre living in a Detroit "black-and-tan" (i.e., racially mixed) bar: today it is impossible to compute his gross income, but estimates ranging from £3,000 to £10,000 *a week* are



BLAST AND COUNTERBLAST

THE inside of a blast furnace deteriorates with use and every three to five years the refractory material with which it is lined has to be renewed. First, the furnace must be allowed to cool, then the old lining—up to 1,000 tons of it—must be prised out by men with crowbars and pneumatic hammers. In order to save time, many steel works have called in I.C.I., whose Nobel Division in Glasgow has developed a special technique, using new explosives, which enables furnace linings to be blasted out when still hot—without the delay of waiting for the shot holes to cool down to normal temperatures.

With this technique, a blast furnace at Scunthorpe in Lincolnshire was relined in the record time of 22 days, 23 hours and 30 minutes without damage to either the outer shell of the furnace or adjacent plant. A fair average time for the explosive method would be 40 days, as against about 150 days by the old hammer and crowbar method. This speed-up in the relining of furnaces is equivalent to a 4% increase in the total steel-producing capacity of the United Kingdom.

ICI

quoted. Of his most famous record, "Cry," nearly three million discs have been sold. It sounds like the great American success-story, every American boy's dream; but—as in how many other golden legends!—the truth is less glamorous, if more interesting. For, in fact, the inner life of Johnnie Ray presents a pattern of uncertainty, loneliness, and maladjustment, repeated with variations.

The original cause of his segregation was sad indeed: an accident at the age of eleven injured his head so severely that he still has a fifty-three per cent deficiency of hearing in both ears. He wears his hearing-aid in public (though not on the stage): his most reputable ambition is to help make the wearing of a hearing-aid seem as unexceptional as the wearing of spectacles, so that a deaf child will wear one without feeling that he is a freak.

He had not long adjusted himself to the idea that he could be deaf and still make a career as a singer when success came to him. Success brought luxury: it also brought, instead of contentment, new and more embittering kinds of loneliness—the loneliness of one precipitated too suddenly into a million-dollar environment, the loneliness of the newly rich importuned and exploited by the insincere and avaricious. Mr. Ray is rarely at ease except in the company of the few who were his friends when he was poor: sometimes he will withdraw altogether from general conversation, perhaps even switching off his hearing-aid. Off-stage, he is thin, waif-like, quiet and moody; his face wears the troubled watchfulness of the hard-of-hearing. Sleep is, for him, a retreat into the womb of eternity: he sleeps for ten or twelve hours a day, and it takes his manager half an hour or more to wake him. He eats very little, and that without interest, having had to eat so many cheap meals until two years ago: it is only a month since he ate the first steak of his life

Communication with him is, in any case, easier for those familiar with current American slang. His intelligence is intuitive rather than cerebral. He limits his conversational vocabulary—no doubt in order to conserve his maximum resources for his public performances. His favourite words are *dig* and *cat*—*dig* meaning *see, understand,* or *like, cat* meaning any person: thus "Dig those cats over there!" "I only dig [*like*] two songs in the show." At question-time in the House of Commons, he was much taken by one rather long-winded question: later, in his dressing-room, it amused him to read it out from the order-paper in one breath—adding, with a shout of laughter, "and some cat *answered* it!" His only comment after a visit to St. Paul's Cathedral was "Statues *kill* me". (Southwark Cathedral impressed him more deeply.)

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Mr. Ray's intimates refer to the period before the success of his song "Cry" as B.C. It is impossible to foresee how long his post-"Cry" period will last. Some crooners fade quickly; some, like Mr. Crosby, stick. In the mysterious jungle of American civilisation, they are a powerful influence, especially on the young and unstable. Mr. Ray is, therefore, not negligible, either as a symbol or as an individual. Moreover, he is, genuinely, likeable; his impulses are generous and not anti-social; even his critics admit that he has "got something"—something of personality and something of art (especially when he gets away from the slush of "Cry" and sings classical jazz songs and blues, rather in the manner and rhythm of Miss Billie Holiday). His severest critic said recently that it had taken him twenty-six years to grow up. His best service to himself, and to society, would be resolutely to complete his adjustment to adult life. Some of his fans might then start growing up with him, too.

Meanwhile, the counsel that he finds most congenial is that of an enigmatic Danish bear-trainer—a Strindbergian figure, with him on the Palladium bill—who tells him: "Bears are kinder than humans—they only tear your face off."

TOM DRIBERG

The Arts and Entertainment

CADENZAS

A REVIEWER of a recent recording of two Mozart Violin Concertos was moved to protest by the soloist's cadenzas. In "the heavenly Adagio of the G major," he asks, "why not just play a short and simple phrase to lead to the last lovely phrases of the tune?" Agreed: a prolonged cadenza, at this point, is absurdly out of place. But when the same writer continues: "Who really wants a violinist to go through his paces in a concerto today, except the sort of people that scream and shriek at celebrity concerts," he is over-simplifying a difficult issue. His words seem to imply that "a short and simple phrase" will always be enough; and manifestly it won't.

Why not? Well, for a quick answer, look at the first movement of Beethoven's G major Piano Concerto. At bar 337 the soloist, *dolce e con espressione*, states one of the main themes (it begins on A above the treble clef, with dominant seventh harmony and C in the bass). At bar 346 there is the customary pause on a 6-4 chord for the cadenza. At bar 347 the soloist resumes the same theme in the same key and the same register, with the same harmony and the same *dolce* marking. Were it not for the interposition of a long extempore solo passage pursuing many themes through many keys, such a sequence of events would be unthinkable. The design of a classical concerto's first movement allows for a long and brilliant extemporisation, and positively needs it; the pattern persists as late as the Violin Concerto of Brahms. Even in the smaller framework of a Mozart concerto, the soloist cannot afford to scamp the cadenza in the first movement. Some years ago Kathleen Long recorded Mozart's C major Concerto, K 503, and, either out of modesty or with an eye on the studio clock, she jumped the cadenza and went straight to the concluding trill. The result, after the busy orchestral preparation of the preceding bars, was absurdly lame and inappropriate: like putting on one's coat and hat for a walk, and coming straight back into the house by the side door.

Of course a cadenza problem does exist, the historical reasons for which are well known. Improvisation was once a regular feature of the musical scene; composer and performer were frequently the same individual; and the music performed was almost all contemporary. What could have been more natural, then, than the provision of an opportunity for Mozart or Beethoven to improvise? And what can now be more difficult than to find a satisfactory equivalent for these vanished conditions? Sometimes the composer has left us one or more cadenzas of his own (not always very good ones), and the dutiful modern performer will probably choose these. Even so, the result is seldom quite satisfactory. Parry said truly of cadenzas that "the more they have the character of abandonment to impulse the better they are," and it is hard for the dutiful performer to sound very impulsive. Great nineteenth-century pianists like Clara Schumann, Saint-Saëns or Busoni felt no hesitation about improvising freely in their own manner; but from such boldness we are now inhibited by that sense of period which, in all the arts, has become a part of modern consciousness. Better, most people would say, a stale old cadenza without the smallest element of surprise than a brilliant new one in an unsuitable idiom. Tovey summed it up when he said: "A bad cadenza is the very appendicitis of music."

Yet there have been occasions—and not so long since—when cadenzas to classical concertos have made something of their original effect of wonder and charm. The youthful Menuhin, with his radiantly pure musical feeling and his boyish delight in the sheer exhilaration of speed, used to convey to listeners, when playing the standard Mozart and Beethoven cadenzas, the sort of pleasure aroused by superb skating or ballet—a pleasure which is wholly proper to the cadenza idea. And when Wanda Landowska played Mozart's Coronation Concerto, not only did she decorate the rather barely written solo part with many small and exquisite flourishes, but she brushed aside Mozart's cadenza in favour of one of her own, into which she gaily introduced a theme from the opening duet of *Le Nozze di Figaro*! The result of this high-handed procedure was simply enchanting: Mozart himself would surely have applauded. But Landowska is unique; a great scholar-executant with an almost creative feeling for the various keyboard styles of the past. The rest of us had better be more modest—though not so modest as Kathleen Long. The cadenza is a problem which cannot be solved by the simple process of ignoring it. One rule may be suggested: better too short than too long. A cello cadenza can seem eternal.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

MR. ELIOT'S FIRST

IT was an admirable idea to stage *Murder In The Cathedral* at the Old Vic, and the Director deserves congratulations for the success which has attended his idea. There are difficulties attached to transferring the piece from the church, for which it was intended, to the stage. But the play itself, majestic and statuesque, closer in spirit to Greek than to modern drama, stands up well to the obvious test; it delights an impious theatre audience bent on pleasure no less than originally it pleased a pious church congregation predisposed, as Mr. Eliot has himself admitted, to reverent attention.

Yet in the theatre an element is missing and is felt to be missing—the verbal attack on the sensibilities of the ordinary churchgoer while at church, an assault that is already evident in the title itself. Mr. Eliot has told us in his recent lecture that *Murder In The Cathedral* did not advance at all his experiments in forging for himself a dramatic language. But then, surely, at the time he was after something different? He had in mind a Cathedral congregation accustomed to being slipped the smooth well-worn pebbles of sanctified language. It was this expectation which was to receive a violent shock attack. But half the shock could be counted to come from the solemn atmosphere in which the attack was delivered. A contemporary theatre audience can take latrines and "the guts of the Women of Canterbury" in its stride.

The shock which does still work is the set of ironic speeches in their own defence delivered by the Knights after the murder of Becket. These at the Old Vic are played as broadly as they can bear. For Mr. Robert Helpmann, whether as actor, dancer or producer, is thoroughly theatrical (in the best sense), and he has thoroughly theatricalised the play. But I hasten to add that this does not mean that he has tricked it out. The Word is, as it should be, paramount, and hardly one syllable is lost. There is the appropriately static air, movement on the stage is slight and, when it comes, significant. It is a most effective and faithful production. The one mistake, I think, is to have encouraged an over-emphasis of expression. The prevailing idiom of Mr. Eliot's verse is dead-pan. But here expression is magnified rather than played down. The Priests (and one of them especially) are over-sanctimonious, and the chorus works overtime to get across what could get itself across without emphasis. Mr. Helpmann has devised a series of effective groupings and re-groupings of the Women of Canterbury, and their poses perhaps might add something. What I felt detracted was the violence of feeling they put into their voices and faces, so that there were moments when they were less like anonymous commentators from the everyday world than over-intense poetical females putting it on. This could surely be modified. Let the words do the work.

It is a great pleasure to see and above all to hear Mr. Robert Donat in one of his all too rare appearances. He speaks the part of Becket with a compelling sincerity and a really beautiful enunciation. This central figure is well framed by a loyal cast from whom I must pick out for special mention John Warner, William Squire, Paul Rogers and Yvonne Coulette. Mr. Alan Barlow's dignified set and simple dresses completed the pleasure of an interesting and exciting evening.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"The War of the Worlds," at the Plaza

"Terrible, but we enjoyed it." How often that would be the consensus of film critics as they mildly blink their way back to daylight after the usual morning or afternoon session! Then they separate; opinions begin to diverge; jobs and the public have to be thought of; and by the time articles are written, "stupendous" will come naturally to one, and "cretinous" to another, or a bit of news (such as that your favourite star now wears spectacles or a beard) will float uppermost, or a few funny-outrageous moments will string together to make a funny paragraph. So, splintering, journalism will assert itself. Yet there, in my opening sentence, was the true verdict, to which still, except for what they've written, the body of film critics would agree.

Terrible, then, terrible is *The War of the Worlds*! It has touched the best of all Wells's scientific romances for title and idea only. Perhaps that's just as well; no resemblances, no regrets. Since Wells's discovery of them, the Martians have grown almost as popular, if not so distinct in outline, as Mickey Mouse. They invaded New York on one famous occasion, and had to be hastily disowned. In the shape of two-inch bees they pilot those delightful saucers which are still, we're told, to be seen by the percipient. In films, their natural habitat, they have landed on a Washington green to threaten the lives of physicists and the virtue of secretaries, and they have thawed out of ice-blocks at the North Pole to reveal themselves as ten-foot carrots walking. What shape (for they are volatile, if nothing else) will they assume this time?

The first flaming rocket makes a crater in the Californian hills when the usual reception committee advances to meet them, waving a white flag. Something like a steel cobra raises its head, takes one look, and blasts them on to the earth. The scientific boys and girls follow, with their chat about superior intelligences and magnetic strains; the army and the air force; a parson holding a Bible who must first make his appeal to "beings like ourselves." But (look what happens to him, poor man!) they are *not* like ourselves. Shelling and bombing leave them unconcerned; the new atom bomb—a purple one, by the way—even seems to stimulate them, and they begin to stir to some purpose. Europe (and presumably Asia and Africa, though we don't hear of them) has died long ago; and at last it's the turn of Los Angeles. Happily through its streets glide the Martians—saucers, or gravy-bowl lids breathing fire from the cobra-like extension. Buildings tumble about them, cars are shrivelled up, darkness flares. The city has been evacuated, but the few faithful are gathered together. "Where is Sylvia?" asks the handsome young physicist, running unscathed through the streets. "I think I know where to find her"; and under the very noses, if they are noses, of the Martians, he darts into the church. They, he and she, fight their way towards one another across transept and aisle; wildly embrace; sob; and have just time to pray for a miracle. This instantly happens. The Martian outside stops his fire-breathing, sinks to the pavement. They rush out to look. A slot opens, something—something like chicken legs—feebly crawls forward, clutches, ceases. . . . All over. And up and down and round the world every Martian has suffered the same fate. Microbes have got them. They're anæmic, as the distinguished woman scientist with her foreign accent had not failed to point out reels ago.

But then, why didn't the War Department use bacteriological warfare? No doubt it's easy to be wise after the event, but this seems a bad slip-up, for which somebody, preferably that useless General Mann, on whom the future of civilisation has depended, should get the sack. However, we'll know better next time; and so, too, presumably, will the Martians.

And didn't I enjoy it? Of course!

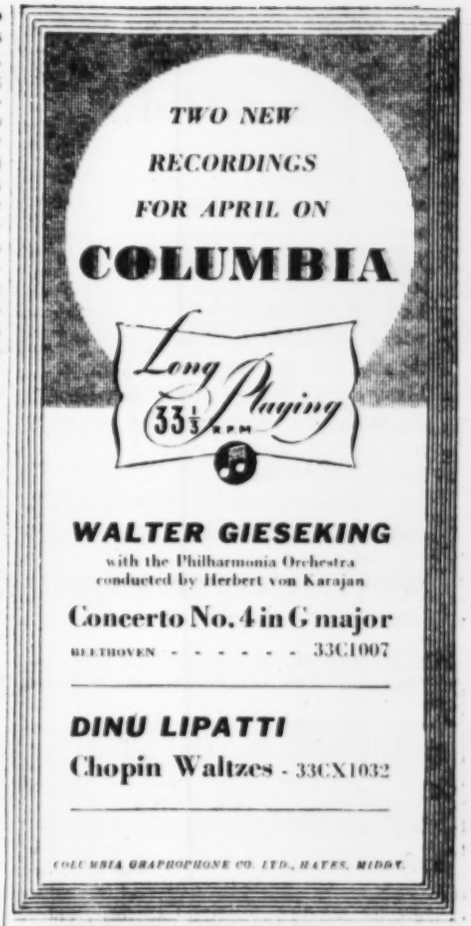
WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

WHILE so many of the B.B.C.'s lighter programmes remain static, the work of the Talks Department, particularly in the series that follow one on the heels of another, constantly shows experiment and variety. On the literary side, for instance, Mr. William Empson has just come to the end of his stimulating addresses on *Some Problems in Shakespeare*; while the persuasive and rewarding Mr. Bonamy Dobrée, speaking on *Public Themes in English Poetry* (Stoicism, Patriotism) has this week given his first of four. It has been a continual adventure to listen to Mr. Empson, now an un-innocent Quixote, tilting at Professor Dover Wilson; now a practical scholar trying to assess the Elizabethan audience's reactions; now a romantic investigator in the Coleridgean manner; at all times an original, whose dryly knowledgeable approach could animate subjects far less promising. Mr. Empson's lectures were a feat in another sense; they belong to a rare kind of broadcasting—the unscripted essay, of which Isaiah Berlin's distinguished talks given last year on the theme of *Freedom and Its Betrayal*—each one an hour in length—are likely to remain the outstanding example.

The theme of *My First Novel* has proved to be a fruitful one for its speakers: intimate, but at the distance of success, not uncomfortably embarrassing. In spite of the fond, defensive shame with which these seasoned writers approached their early achievement ("this preposterous work" was Mr. R. C. Hutchinson's phrase; others were a little kinder) the histories have been entertaining and various; the conclusions pertinent. I recall particularly Sir Compton Mackenzie's dictum: "If a young writer's first novel depends on his personal experience, I say firmly that he is not a genuine novelist," and, as if in confirmation, Miss Rosamond Lehmann's relieved discovery that *Dusty Answer* was an *imagined* book, not an echo of her actual life at all.

In invented dialogue the plausible and the



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commonplace are often, quite erroneously, confused. The first problem of the biographical feature is indeed to resolve this matter of art and nature, while using for real characters the actor's voice and author's script. *The Boy from Greece*, an account of the Greek boy Vassilios Vellos, crippled and blinded during the war, sent here for treatment, and adopted by a family in Wales, turned out, unusually, to be a triumph of the acted and written part. With the exception of a contrived and artificial flashback to the accident, near the beginning—an episode which would have been more effective in description—the programme was extraordinarily convincing and impressive. I am inclined, even, to place the natural advantages of this feature—the story itself, and the explicit Welsh boldness of language—after its other striking asset: the brilliant and credible performance of an unnamed professional who spoke the boy's narrative. The script was written by James Kinross and produced by Peter Duval Smith.

The undramatised short story is a radio variable; much harder to bring to life than the reading of a chapter from a novel; yet on rare occasions it can equal the best of any kind of broadcasting. The secret, I believe, is not in humour, dialogue, or even suspense, but in style. The spoken reading always makes the qualities of what is read—in prose, at least—more lucid and emphatic; a sentence may have the power of poetry. What led to these thoughts was a remarkable tale *The Day That Was Not Restored*, by Giovanni Papini, about a borrowed year of youth that was returned, in short instalments, during the lender's old age. It was admirably translated and read—the first by W. J. Strachan, the second by Laidman Browne. "Among my acquaintances I number many old but impecunious princesses," began this elegant and mysterious story; thereafter one could do nothing but listen. Another notable reading was by Carleton Hobbs, in a springtime sketch from Prishvin's *The Lake and the Woods*, particularly his splendid presentation of a drunken pike-fishing champion explaining the psychology of the carp.

I would add that, at a second hearing under more favourable conditions than the first, the Byron play *The Labyrinth* seemed to me moving, dramatically plausible, and aptly characterised by its actors—a fair enough impression, indeed, of the Byron-in-England scene. NAOMI LEWIS

Alphonse Quizet, at the Redfern

If you're in love, you can write poetry: if you are in Paris, you can paint. Sometimes it seems as simple as that—in front of these 70 paintings by Quizet, for instance. Find a corner, a café, set up your easel, put a line round what you see, don't worry about fiddling details or if things go a bit crooked, but paint cleanly, screw up the intensity of the natural colours a fraction, slap in bright, overflowing skies, remember the history of the white-washed walls, put in a few people going about their business unconcerned, and, above all, enjoy the sheer sensation of painting—the way a full brush expands slightly on the canvas, the butter-smear to be got with a pallette knife, the always surprising clarity of darks properly placed against lights, of greens and blues against browns and buffs, the daring of letting your *hand* simplify, the pleasure of finally comparing your painting with the place, and then discovering that the painting makes the place look unique. Quizet almost persuades us that that is all. But the difference between his successes and failures proves how difficult it is in fact. His earlier paintings in the centre room all imply a genuine imaginative grasp of the quality of the city: a quality depending on the constant contrast between the breadth of the sky—the ubiquitous buoyancy of the light, the scale of the clouds—and the intricacy of the streets, the shutters, the girls, the factories, the pollarded trees. No. 2, of a canal, is a minor masterpiece. Without this grasp, the posing and resolution of this contrast, his later paintings become merely delightful postcards, animated but fragmentary. Quizet's paintings are in many ways like Utrillo's, whom he knew and taught. But they are less sensitive, less nostalgic and more robust. The drawings of Judith de Beer (aged 21) at the Apollinaire are well worth going to see. The best show real promise. Nos. 12, 17, 37, 39, 43 would all be worth buying. J. B.

'La Finta Giardiniera," at King George's Hall

A Nixa recording had shown how much delightful music there was in this early opera of Mozart's (written eight years before *Seraglio*). The Impresario Society's prettily sung production of it last week revealed, rather unexpectedly, that the intricate story works out well on the stage. The libretto is probably by Calzabigi, and though it is a far cry from this succession of "exit arias" to the "reforms" he instituted in his texts for Gluck's *Orfeo* and *Alceste*, the same skill in engineering situations which call for a song is evident. The arias are jewels, and each of the characters has turns of coming to life. The heroine's *scena* when she is lost in the woods ranks, in dramatic truth and melodic invention, with anything in the later operas; and the extended finales to the first two acts foreshadow *Figaro* most clearly. It was perhaps a pity to entrust the inexperienced players to an inexperienced producer: Jeannette Sinclair, borrowed from the Sadler's Wells chorus, moved with a grave dignity that showed up the others' awkwardness. The Haydn Orchestra accompanied neatly, though Dr. H. Ucko's tempi might often have been crisper—the second act took as long as the second act of *Tristan*! Perhaps next this enterprising group will give us *Lucio Silla*?

A. P.

Correspondence

THE HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—The Minister of Health's decision to set up "an independent and objective" committee to review the cost of the National Health Service is another stage in the dismantling of the Welfare State—a process which has been going on steadily in the last two years.

There are many improvements which could be made in the administration of the Health Service. The original aim of combining central financial responsibility with the maximum independence of the various *ad hoc* boards and committees set up under the 1946 Act has never been achieved, for Treasury stringency has been felt throughout the Service. The result is that members and officers of authorities have not been allowed to manage their own affairs and so, in many cases, have not acquired the skills of sound management. Administration is in many respects top-heavy. The tripartite division into hospital and specialist, local health authority, and general practitioner medical services has led to overlapping in some places, gaps in others, waste in many. The emphasis on cure rather than prevention opens the door to many evils—for instance, excess in prescribing by general practitioners.

Everyone who has studied the development of the Health Service since 1948 can compile his own list of defects. But the fact remains that with all its flaws—and in so revolutionary a change some were inevitable—the Service in its first three years fulfilled the requirements of the Act in providing free and comprehensive health facilities on an equal footing to everyone in the United Kingdom.

After a period of growing financial stringency, came the charges for spectacles and dentures—an opened door kicked wider open the following year by the Tories. Although much remained, the fundamental principle of the Act was wrecked.

Mr. Iain Macleod is more ambitious than his predecessors. He is not content to weaken a foundation here, to tinker with a support there. He plans an all-out assault on the Service, and has chosen a typically disingenuous way of launching it. If it is information and advice he wants, there is nothing new for Mr. Guillebaud's committee to tell him. The Central Health Services Council and Scottish Health Services Council were set up to advise the Minister, and both they and the various Standing Advisory Committees have in fact consistently placed relevant

information before successive Ministers. Professional bodies and associations of specialist officers have made studies of all the problems the committee is supposed to examine, and have published reports which would provide the proper basis for any conscientious attempt to overhaul the service. Regional hospital boards and other authorities have thrown their experience into the pool. So has the Commons Select Committee on Expenditure, while the Ministry's own financial returns and statistics contain a mass of information.

The Minister has chosen, however, to use none of these established and reputable channels. Instead, he has by-passed them and set up an outside committee to advise him; he has also told it some of the answers it ought to reach in the terms of preference he has given it.

Mr. Bevan was quick to sense a challenge to the very existence of the Health Service in this move. It is a challenge which must be faced and beaten. Exposure of the real objects of the Committee and of, at its best, its redundancy, should be the aim of all who desire the achievement of the full and comprehensive service intended by its Socialist initiators. This would involve many new hospitals, health centres and other facilities, and would require the allocation of more money and not, as the Minister intends, less. None of us can regard with complacency, for instance, our failure to complete a single *new* hospital since before the war.

87 Fitzjohn's Avenue, London, N.W.3. GEOFFREY DRAIN

AFRICAN FEDERATION

SIR,—The House of Commons Debate on Central African federation has produced the expected flood of vituperation and abuse of the Labour Party. C. B. Fletcher, one of Huggins's most oafish and worst informed supporters, and an individual whose continued holding of Cabinet rank has been subject to severe criticism by even the Prime Minister's own supporters, has reached a new, low level in the ignorance of his abuse. In a recent speech he has stated that a Federal Government would declare Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Dugdale "prohibited immigrants." He then went on to place the whole responsibility for the Kenya trouble on the Labour Party, who, he alleged, had deliberately encouraged "barbaric nationalism." He said "the deep seated barbaric nationalism that has fermented under their misguided hands is entirely their responsibility. Communism stalks so closely in the shadow of these Left-wing Socialists that the dividing line between them is quite obscure." Fletcher concluded with a warning against "United Kingdom and Indian Communists, Left-wingers and Fabians, whose evil forces are working thoroughly and rapidly," and an exhortation to throw a "federal wall" around Central Africa. It would be unwise to dismiss C. B. Fletcher's outburst as the ravings of an individual of no consequence. Rather should they be taken as a definite warning of a new Imperialism that will be built around this Federal Wall, a new Imperialism whose corner stone is the doctrine of a *Herrenvolk*. It would be untrue to state that C. B. Fletcher even represents average Rhodesian opinion. But he may well be the representative of certain elements who hope to climb to power on the federation band wagon, and who will introduce active intolerance of all views other than their own. It is not difficult to identify these elements, nor is it difficult to imagine their outlook. And it is still less difficult to imagine the dangers that they present to the continued racial and political peace in Central Africa. Myself and many who think like me were hesitant as to whether or not to support federation. C. B. Fletcher has made up our minds for us. The only thing we regret is that there is not time for us to campaign against it.

Bromley, S. Rhodesia. J. A. E. RALSTON

[Reference is made to Brigadier Ralston's letter in London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

BANNED BODIES

SIR,—The comments made in your issue of March 28 by the President of the National Union of Students, Mr. F. Jarvis, on the proscription of the International Union of Students, may have given the impression that student opinion will have little to say on the question.

Mr. Jarvis says "whether proscription by the Labour Party will lead British students to boycott the I.U.S. is a matter for Labour Party members to decide." It is, in fact, a matter which students in general, and Labour Party students in particular, will decide! The annual conference of the National Association of Labour Student Organisations, attended by delegates from Labour clubs all over Britain, has already decided—last week-end it carried by a very large majority a resolution "deploring the proscription of I.U.S. and urging the N.E.C. to rescind it."

The proscription of the I.U.S. is nonsensical. No individual can join I.U.S.—only National Unions of Students. The British N.U.S. knows the political character of I.U.S. and does not like it. But it believes, as N.U.S. Councils have repeatedly shown, that co-operation with I.U.S. on non-political activities of various kinds is both desirable and possible. Certainly it thinks its efforts, however unsuccessful they may prove to be, are well worth while. We are not so naive as to believe our task is an easy one. The N.U.S. is therefore seeking a form of associate membership in I.U.S. Constituent student unions in Britain are supporting such a move.

Why then should the Labour Party proscribe an organisation, which Labour Party members as individuals cannot join, of which students in this country are *not* members, and when students can only be members of I.U.S. through N.U.S., which itself will only co-operate with I.U.S. on a non-political basis, a basis which does not as yet exist? The answer is that the N.E.C. either did not take the trouble to find out the facts (it never consulted N.A.L.S.O. on the question) or if it did, then the N.E.C. wants to learn to think before it acts.

For, if you proscribe an organisation, you cannot be associated with it any way (the relevant part of the Labour Party constitution shows this). Therefore, if the N.U.S. becomes an associate, all students (who are compelled to join their unions in most cases) whose students' unions are affiliated to N.U.S. (most university unions are), will become ineligible for membership of the Labour Party. The Labour Party will in fact cut out of its ranks most students in the country—if it carries out logically those actions which its stupid proscription compel it to do.

Leeds University Union. G. W. RHODES
President-Elect.

SIR,—Mr. Leslie G. D. Smith accuses me of concealing the fact that the Britain-China Friendship Association has Communist support. My letter stated that the Association has many Communist members, and it will in any case be obvious to your readers that it is fully approved by Communists. The purpose of my letter was to protest against the action of the Labour Party in proscribing not only societies entirely controlled by Communists, but those like the B.-C.F.A. in which they are joined by others.

Mr. Smith declares that the B.-C.F.A. President "did not contribute substantially to good Anglo-Chinese relations by his recent support of the germ warfare propaganda." Dr. Needham has never indulged in propaganda, if by this is meant the iteration of tendentious second-hand material. At a public meeting sponsored by my society on June 9 last, and privately beforehand, he made it clear that he did not regard the evidence of germ warfare then available as adequate for judgment. After spending over two months in China investigating the charges he formed the opinion that bacterial warfare had been carried out in an experimental manner, using peculiar methods in the attempt to start epidemics which would appear spontaneous. It is unlikely that Dr. Needham, who was formerly head of the British Scientific Mission in China, and who knows the Chinese language well, was entirely deceived, and incredible that he should knowingly peddle false information. His visit helped to maintain contact between China and the West at a time when mistrust threatened to break it completely.

Mr. Smith asks me to explain why I ignore the

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Peace with China Council, and a proposed "League for Friendship with Asia." All I know of the League is contained in a letter from the Labour Party National Agent which says that "the Labour Party itself has decided to set up an organisation for contact between its members and Socialists in Asia." This is excellent, but I hope that contact with Socialists in China will not be proscribed. As for the Peace with China Council, I fully support its aims within their limits, but these are not sufficiently wide. The Council has from its inception excluded those who refused to regard the North Koreans as responsible for the war. I believe that the South Koreans and the Americans bear a large share of its guilt, though they may not have started the actual shooting on June 25.

The North Korean case should at any rate be heard, and the B.-C.F.A., against the prevailing roar of anti-Communist publicity, has attempted to put it.

Whatever the truth about the Korean War, it is certain that we have everything to gain from frank but friendly exchange between Communist and non-Communist in co-operation for peace, and the promotion of this should be a chief concern of the peace movement today. It is regrettable that the National Peace Council, through its Director, is on the contrary encouraging those who want to forbid this co-operation altogether.

S. W. GREEN,
Cambridge Peace Front. *Secretary*

THE URGE TO SMASH

SIR,—In recording his dismay at the Bow Street magistrate's refusal to grant bail to Mr. Laslo Szilvassy, accused of smashing the "Political Prisoner" model at the Tate Gallery, Critic asked: "Is it supposed that Mr. Szilvassy will go around smashing up wire 'abstracts' unless he is locked up?" To me, a spectator at the back of the court, it seemed that the magistrate appeared extremely sympathetic to Mr. Szilvassy, and expressed concern that he had been held in custody; but, as the magistrate said, when a person enters a gallery with the expressed intention of smashing an exhibit and carries with him a written statement explaining why he intends to perpetrate this act of wilful destruction, then the responsibility, should such an act be repeated, must fall on the shoulders of the magistrate who granted bail to the accused.

I have every sympathy with Mr. Szilvassy, but we should also take into consideration the feelings of the sculptor who sees the work of months destroyed in a few seconds. Finally, may I point out that a second sculpture by Mr. Reg Butler, "The Oracle," has now been daubed with paint? There are no villains in this act, only a magistrate endeavouring to do his job under the critical gaze of various sensitive groups whose interests conflict; a sculptor whose work is destroyed or childishly bespattered with paint; the organisers of an exhibition who have been held up to public ridicule over the radio and in the press; and a little Hungarian artist who has made a well-publicised protest on behalf of principles that he and a great many other people hold.

ARTHUR MOYSE
39 Minford Gardens, W.14.

ARTISTS AND CRITICS

SIR,—I should like to try to answer Mr. Berger's four replies to me—which, by contrast with those he gave Sir Herbert Read, are thoughtful ones.

1. I suggested he devoted a disproportionate amount of energy to discussing trends that are barely discernible, if at all. He responds by saying that this "implies" a sort of proportional representation in criticism, an obligation to write most about what is painted most. This is clever nonsense. What I criticised was not that he writes more words about his "realism" than about anything else (possibly he purposely avoids doing this), but the fact that one would gather, *from what he writes*, that his chosen "movement" is actually in the ascendant—which it is not.

2. I said his advocacy of a non-existent movement represented an attempt to bring that movement into being; from outside. This he now agrees is indefensible. Yet he goes on to say that it is legitimate to synthesise trends that (in my words) "were all there, well-known in their separate fields" before he began. It would be if it made sense. I maintain that the very separate trends swept together by Mr. Berger into "new realism" are related by nothing other than Mr. Berger's liking for each of them, or his sense of their political usefulness. I stick to this. Léger, Guttuso, neo-Sickertian A.R.A.s and students' "realism" remain, in my view, unrelatable in terms of a single movement. Nor is Mr. Berger's new list of painters he has written of approvingly to the point. Indeed it is most deceptive. I do not recall, for instance, that in appreciating Lanyon (I was glad to see this at the time, since I myself have championed Lanyon's work consistently since 1948, as readers may remember) Mr. Berger mentioned the word *realism* or in any way, *at the time*, related Lanyon to this theory of realism. Very occasionally Mr. Berger is actually content to be nothing more than a critic of painting. His Lanyon review was such a moment.

3. I accused Mr. Berger of setting out on a road which leads to the confusion of art with propaganda. He now says this is absurd: *but*—that the two are, nevertheless, similar! This I can only deny. It is true that, as citizens, artists may produce or receive propaganda. But as artists they can only produce art. Art is, in a vital sense, autonomous. Art is spiritual discovery. Propaganda is the calculated injection of a dose of doctored facts. Art is permanent: propaganda is utterly ephemeral.

4. Mr. Berger wants to know if I mean "To Hell with the audience!" is the only proper attitude for the artist while actually at work, or all the time: I mean the latter. This does not involve either disdain of any public or denial of a function in relation to society. But the true artist is only "useful" to society indirectly: his "message" must always be delivered obliquely. He is valuable precisely because of this. The public is rightly bored by direct assault. Besides, the artist can only capture his essentially private vision if, consciously, he excludes all consideration of anything but that vision. This very disregard for the spectator on the artists' part supplies the spectator with much of his interest. He is eavesdropping: he is being let in on a secret process. Upon this privacy of creative intention depends the artist's public usefulness. He will not be bullied about by the public, the Government or Mr. Berger.

Lastly, it seems to me that Mr. Berger's "realism," already expanded into meaninglessness by the pressure of this correspondence, boils down to one thing: "Berger's Choice." Everything is eventually included in this movement—"every healthy *tradition* from the last 40,000 years," he claims! And "the students of most of the London art schools" will, he is confident, support him! Well! Well! Well!

PATRICK HERON

HYSTERIA AND LIBERTY

SIR,—In your editorial "Hysteria and Liberty" of March 28, you referred to my "remarkable and honest confession of error."

I assume your information came from the *New Yorker*. A reporter of this weekly spoke with me for a few minutes on the 'phone (he was in Washington and I in New York). I am afraid he did not catch exactly what I meant.

It is true that, during my last stay in the U.S. I was shocked by the extension of Congressional investigations and by the methods used by Senator McCarthy (for example, against The Voice of America). I "confessed" that I had underestimated the damage done by people like the famous Senator and the seriousness of the problem created by them. I came to the conclusion that it was necessary to denounce this type of investigation with more vigour than before. Many thoughtful Americans realise it and are fighting back.

But I can't subscribe to the sentence you attributed to me: "That America's politics are dominated by fear and hysteria." Happily the top men in Washington are sane and moderate. McCarthyism is to be explained more by dishonest demagogy than by real hysteria.

RAYMOND ARON
34 Quai de Passy, Paris, XVI.

SMALL HOURS READING

SIR,—Mr. Edward Hyams may like to know that the detective-story plot which he offers in his article "Small Hours Reading" in your issue of April 4 was in fact used by Mr. St. John Ervine in a story called "The Brown Sandwich," published in 1933. But *his* Chancellor went one—or rather five—better than Mr. Hyams's.

ANNE GRANSDEN
11 Parliament Hill, N.W.3.

THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL CAP

SIR,—Mr. Malcolm Macpherson, in his letter last week, says the Public Schools are producing few scientists.

It is worth pointing out that, of the 184 boys awarded open scholarships and exhibitions at Cambridge last year, 89 (48.5 per cent.) were from the Public Schools. And that, of the 25 newly elected fellows of the Royal Society, 6 out of the 11 appearing in the 1953 *Who's Who* are recorded as having been educated at Public Schools.

DOMINUS

JUMPING THE QUEUE

SIR,—As a Radiographer and a Socialist I should like to answer "Layman." Jumping the queue takes place and only those who have money can do so. Naturally they have to pay for this, in a manner not unlike that described in Cronin's "The Citadel." If "Layman's" wife did not see the Radiologist nor Dr. X, both saw and reported on her films and communicated the results to her doctor. Their services are not gratis.

I personally object to any form of fee-paying in the general N.H.S. hospitals. I must point out, too, that certain X-ray examinations often take two or more days' preparation of the internal organs in order to obtain diagnostic results. Some actual examinations take several hours, and this limits the numbers of cases dealt with during a work-session. Radiographers don't keep patients waiting for appointments or examination just to be officious. We have to assess the urgency and priority, noting the age, condition and prognosis very carefully. But I will agree that executives often make us find a place for a fee-paying patient of a lesser priority. This is as galling to us as to N.H.S. patients quietly waiting their turns, yet we cannot cry out against this because we are only the workers who have to pipe the tunes our masters call. We cannot go on strike: or matters would be worse.

M. S. R.

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Books in General

A START has been made in the translation of Robert Musil's immense unfinished novel, *The Man Without Qualities*,* which this Czech-Austrian began writing in the 'twenties and was still working on when he died an exile in Geneva in 1942. It is a wonderful and prolonged firework display, a well-peopled comedy of ideas, on the one hand; on the other, an infiltration into the base areas of what we call "the contemporary predicament." There is the pleasure in sheer cleverness which is not stupid about life: "Even mistrust of oneself and one's destiny here assumed the character of profound self-certainty," Musil wrote—not altogether ironically—of the Austrian character and these words suggest the conflict which keeps the book going at its cracking speed. Of course, Musil's kind of egoism had a long run in the first twenty years of the century and he has been—the translators tell us—written down by the standard German literary histories. Musil's tongue does indeed run away with him, but it is stupid to denigrate him. Proust and Joyce, with whom he has been exaggeratedly compared, approached the self by way of the æsthetic imagination; Musil reconstructs egos intellectually. What ideas do our sensations suggest? What processes are we involved in? If Musil has come to us regrettably late, if he sticks for his subject matter to the old pre-1914 Vienna and has some of that period flavour, he is not stranded there. The revival of Henry James has taught us that writers who live passively within history may be more deeply aware of what is really going on than those who turn up in every spot where the news is breaking.

The nearest parallel to Musil is not Proust but Italo Svevo in *The Confessions of Zeno*. Musil is very much an intellectual of that strain. The two writers represent opposite sides of the same Viennese school. They are restless, headlong psychologists and sceptical talkers, to some extent café writers. Like Zeno, the Ulrich of *The Man Without Qualities* is a gifted and self-consuming man. He burns up his experience. But whereas Zeno is a hypochondriac, a man of endless self-doubt, the clown of the imagination and the heart, whose great comic effect is obtained by the pursuit of folly with passionate seriousness, Ulrich is a healthy, athletic extraverted and worldly character whose inquiring brain captivates and disturbs men of action. He is a mind before he is a sensibility. He has only to appear for others to behave absurdly; his irony muddles them; his perception alarms. Musil's achievement is to make this formidable character tolerable and engaging. Ulrich is endlessly, perhaps pitilessly patient; he has learned that humility of the intellect which comes of continuous use and which is necessary to those who look into other people for what may be useful to their own imaginative and intellectual search. Like Zeno he can never resist a theory; but whereas Zeno's love for other people is really a kind of remorse for having had so many ideas about himself, the love of Ulrich is a feeling of gratitude to others for suggesting so many ideas that he has been free of them personally. His attraction and power come from an imagination which transposes. Here is a comment on one of his comic characters, a cabaret singer, a Juno of refinement who has a passion for eating. After a good meal she would feel obliged to repay her lover:

> She would stand up and tranquilly, but full throatedly lift up her voice in song. For her protector such evenings were like pages torn out of an album, animated by all sorts of inspirations and ideas, but mummified, as everything becomes when it is torn out of its context, loaded with the tyrannical spell of all that will now remain eternally the way it is, the thing that is the uncanny fascination of *tableaux vivants* when it is as though life had suddenly been given a sleeping draught; and now there it stands, rigid, perfectly correlated within it itself, clearly outlined in its immense futility against the background of the world.

One can see, after this, why Musil has been compared with Proust—though, if the translation is to be relied upon, he does not write as well—yet, where Proust seeks to crystallise a past, Musil is always pushing through that strange undergrowth to find out, if possible, where he is, where life is tending, and what is the explanation. His book is a crab-wise search for a future, for what has not yet been given the sleeping draught.

In the present volume (which is a translation of half of the First Part of the novel) the time and scene are the Vienna of the Austrian Empire. The main episodes are Ulrich's love affairs with the guzzling singer and with a rueful nymphomaniac; his friendship with a gifted but unstable girl and with a superb bourgeois lady, notorious for mind, whom he calls Diotima, and who goes in for the True, the Good, the Beautiful on the grand scale. Diotima is a monument, an outsize schoolgirl. But the larger themes are political and social. Before long we have, by brilliant implication, an amusing but moving picture of a complete society whose intentions become nobler the nearer it is to destruction. Nobler and more absurd. For Musil has invented a wonderful farce called the Collateral Campaign. This vague political movement is meant somehow and simultaneously to celebrate the Emperor's birthday, boost Austrian culture—with a meaning glance at the Germans—preserve the stagnant existing order and yet arise spontaneously from the hearts of the common people and bring new spiritual life to the greatest minds dessicated by scepticism, intellectualism, etc. In short it is an all-purpose piece of uplift which is touchingly sincere and hopelessly muddled. It is very fond of the word "true"—not patriotism but "true" patriotism, not value but "true" values. The comic beauty of the Collateral Campaign is that it can never settle on its precise form; it swells into committees, exhausts all the clichés, and turns into its opposite: a movement for chauvinism and rearmament. Really it is a midwife of Fascism. Nothing is more certain of comic reward than Musil's sympathy. It is tender and deadly.

The people of the Collateral Campaign are "good." They are responsible. They represent "the best elements." They can choose. They choose ridiculously. But what of the bad, the irresponsible who cannot choose—a man like the homicidal maniac Moosbrugger who may or may not be executed? (He wants to be executed because he has an almost pettifogging regard for the law.) The Moosbrugger case puts its shadow on all the characters in the book and one of Musil's feats as a novelist is to show us exactly how Moosbrugger seeps into every mind in some way or other. If society is tending towards progress what is it going to do about this Caliban? Ulrich reflects; "If mankind could dream collectively it would dream Moosbrugger." If we do not know by what absolute standards to settle the Moosbrugger case, then a great social catastrophe is inevitable. Writing in the Twenties Musil could hardly have been more prophetic.

There is an interesting account of Musil's life in the very good introduction to this edition of his novel. He came, we are told, of a gifted family. He was educated for the Army, fought in the 1914 war, became a civil engineer, a distinguished inventor, a mathematician, a psychologist, and was about to teach philosophy at Munich before he turned to writing. Musil brought to his writing not only the capacity for seeing but also the habit of hypothesis. Ulrich is, in many ways, Musil translated. In his several attempts to define what he means by "the man without qualities," he notes,

> He will perform actions that mean something different to him from what they mean to others, but is reassured about everything as soon as it can be summed up in an extraordinary idea.

Or again, the translators give us these lines from the page he was adding to the last volume of his novel on the day he died:

> Of course it was clear to him that the two kinds of human being . . . could mean nothing else than a man without qualities and, in contrast, the man with all the qualities that anyone could manage to display. And the one might be called a nihilist, dreaming of God's dreams—in contrast to the activist who is, however, with his impatient way of acting, a kind of God's dreamer too, and anything but a realist, who goes about being worldly clear and worldly active.

Consciousness was Musil's real subject, not the "stream" but the architecture, the process of building, stylising and demolishing that goes on in the mind. How does an idea like the Collateral Campaign grow in various minds? How, sensuously, does it breed? At what point does sensation become idea? How does reality look after that intoxication? These things bring out Musil's alacrity and focusing power as a novelist; for though he never stops talking he always enacts what he sees. He has a poetic yet practical ability for showing an idea coming to someone—a slow-minded and simple aristocrat, a blackamoor servant, a woman beginning to feel indignation and remorse in love, any transition in fact from one state of consciousness to another. He has the merit of loving people for their essence. There is, to take one example, a striking study of that special bourgeois protégé, the failed artist who takes to blaming his failure on the collapse of culture. From a hero he has turned into a petty domestic tyrant and rules his wife, who has ceased to love him, by making her play duets on the piano. Their marriage is sus-

* *The Man Without Qualities*. By ROBERT MUSIL. Translated with a foreword by EITHNE WILKINS and ERNST KAISER. *Secker & Warburg*. 25s.

tained by a neurotic frenzy of piano-playing:

> The next moment Clarisse and Walter shot away like two railway engines racing side by side. The music that they were playing came flying towards their eyes like the glittering rails, then vanished under the thundering engine and spread out behind them, as a chiming, resonant, miraculously permanent landscape. . . . Precise to a fraction of a second, gaiety, sadness, anger, fear, love and hatred, longing and weariness went flying through Walter and Clarisse. It was a union like in a great panic. But it was not the same mindless, overwhelming force that life has. . . .

The more music sublimely unites them, the more they are separated in life, each thinking his way away from the other. Walter, the rejected husband, fearing failure and impotence, begins to slip into thoughts comfortably too large for him, and ends by playing Wagner for erotic reassurance. Here he begins to strike wrong notes. Clarisse's mind jumps from image to image and to questions becoming more and more savage: does civilised life yearn for brutality? Does peacefulness call for cruelty? For there is an empty room in Clarisse where "something tore at the chains." At the end of this volume we get a glimpse of that empty room.

In making raids like this into Musil's novel one risks making it sound thin or melodramatic in the heavy Central European way; a pound of realism to a ton of speculation. He is, on the contrary, subtle, light, liquid, serious. He is, no doubt, a bit over-fond of himself, perhaps a bit too tolerant to the "I" who is never brought up against anything stronger than itself; a bit too much on the spot, especially in the love affairs. What the novel does show is that the habit of intellectual analysis is not stultifying to drama, movement or invention, but enhances them. It is a delightful insight that a movement like the Collateral Campaign, which has no distinctive idea, will inevitably attract all the people in the Austrian Empire who have only one idea: it is perfect that Ulrich shall be put in charge of sorting out these cranks. His theories, the whole apparatus of the book, are the forgiveness of the artist, not the examination papers of the master. Consciousness is, for him, a pardonable folly. Some critics have discerned what they believe to be a mythological foundation to this novel, in the manner of *Ulysses*; the density, suggestiveness and range could support the view. For all its digressions it is cunningly engineered. We must wait, impatiently, for the remaining volumes, for Musil is obviously a novelist who becomes an addiction.

V. S. PRITCHETT

ITALIAN LIGHT

It is not quite a house without the light
And light is what we notice, wonder at,
As if stone left its hard and quarried state
To be reciprocal to sun and let
The falling beams bound and rebound upon
Shutter and wall, each with assurance thrown.

So on descending from the snow we meet
Not warmth of south but houses which contrive
To be designed of sun. The builders have
Instructed hands to know where shadows fall
And made of buildings an obedient stone
Linked to the sun as waters to the moon.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

APPOINTMENT WITH DESTINY

Winston Churchill: The Era and the Man. By VIRGINIA COWLES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s.

For the biographer who wishes to do more than chronicle events there are two approaches to the life of a statesman. He can trace how the great man developed through all his vicissitudes towards his appointment with destiny; or else he can prefer to meet greatness on equal terms—and risk explaining it away in terms of its incongruous components and contradictory phases. In writing of Mr. Churchill, Virginia Cowles has used first one method and then the other. Until she begins to deal with his fight against appeasement, she is analytical and, on occasion, tart. We are shown a well-born and erratic careerist, swashbuckling his way first to notoriety, then to fame, and intermittently to dramatic failure. But when Miss Cowles approaches the Battle of Britain and the Fulton speech, her narrative is bathed in the awe appropriate to our finest hour. Now we are shown a genius, whose life has been dedicated, despite all the preceding chapters, to the building of an Anglo-American rampart against the new barbarians. Maybe Miss Cowles feels that this is the correct interpretation of Churchill's career—that his flame flickered fitfully until the occasion for greatness gave it steadfastness. But her sudden change of mood is more likely to be explained by the ambivalence which all of us feel about Winston Churchill. I sympathise with her difficulties, but she should remember that those who make Cæsar a god should not snigger in the forecourt of his temple.

Though none of her information is new (Miss Cowles has omitted most of the inside facts she collected when "looking for trouble"), she has carefully summarised the main events; and she quotes a great deal of contemporary comment from secondary sources which few of us have conveniently available. If she is unable to fit together a consistent pattern out of the jigsaw of episodes of which Mr. Churchill's life consists, she provides her readers with most of the pieces in the puzzle.

She also gives us one or two important clues, though she herself seems reluctant to follow them up. Mr. Churchill is so brilliant in debate, and so portentous in conversation, that he is often mistaken for a man of ideas. Actually, as Miss Cowles notes, his ideas are extremely conventional, and he is always "more eager to give a dazzling performance than to get at the core of a problem." To this day he remains the buccaneer who fought F. E. Smith in the Chamber and remained his boon companion in the Smoking Room. They loved each other as fellow-adventurers, who were not ashamed to admit that they had entered politics for its glittering prizes. As for the mediocrities who were not ready to shift their loyalties in order to win those prizes, Churchill has always despised them, whether they were called Henry Campbell-Bannerman or Clement Attlee.

But no statesman is ever a mere adventurer. F. E. Smith had no respect for persons or principles, but he venerated the Law. Churchill's anchors, which have steadied him against the gusts of his temperament, have been his passion for war and his love of English history. Not, of course, the kind of history which explains the actions of statesmen in terms of social forces, but the famous chronicles of Plutarch's *Lives*. The only coherent pattern in his political career derives from the two great biographies he has actually written, *Lord Randolph Churchill* and *Marlborough*, and the two he has wanted to write, Cæsar and Napoleon. As a writer he imagines himself in every leading role: as a man of action, he models himself on the lives of famous men.

His first ambition was to become a famous soldier. In 1908 A. G. Gardiner observed:

> It is recorded that, when a fiery headed boy at Harrow, he was asked what profession he thought of taking up, he replied, "The Army, of course, so long as there's fighting to be had. When that's over I shall have a shot at politics"—not so much concerned about who the enemy may be or about the merits of the quarrel as about being in the thick of the fight and having a good time.

But, though he is a very brave man, he had no patience for the daily chores either of the cantonments of Bangalore or of the trenches on the Somme. Lesser men, he felt, must fight the wars; soldiering, for someone born in Blenheim Palace, meant the supreme command of armies, and he soon saw that it is easier to achieve that through Parliament than in the Regular Army.

Once in the House of Commons, he had to have a policy. Characteristically, he found it in his father's life. Miss Cowles is surely right in suggesting that Churchill's brief marriage with Radicalism was not due to any compatibility of temperament. It began when, as a newcomer to the House, he produced a highly contrived pastiche of his father's resignation speech, attacking the Army Estimates, opposing the building of Dreadnoughts and preaching Splendid Isolation. But he soon found that Tory democracy was no longer a formula for promotion. Outraged by Arthur Balfour's failure to give him office after two whole years on the back benches, he crossed the floor and recast his biography of Lord Randolph so as to show that his father was the forerunner of Lloyd George.

Radicalism, however, is not a cause which can be sustained for long by sheer filial piety; and Mr. Churchill's handling of Sidney Street and Tonypandy revealed to his Liberal supporters how superficial his conversion had been. Just when he was getting restless, the Agadir crisis suggested that politics might soon provide a path to military glory. Mr. Churchill forgot Lord Randolph and social reform and prepared himself at the Admiralty for his first appointment with destiny.

This appointment ended in the *opéra bouffe* of Antwerp and the disaster of the Dardanelles, and for twenty years it looked as though he would not recover from the wreck of these ventures. In the 1920s he had plenty of political successes and failures; but they were those of a normal politician—in and out of office and in and out of luck. Now that fame was eluding him, his search for it became more frantic and his touch more unsure.

Then came the coincidence which restored his confidence that he was being preserved by Providence for a special end. While he was absorbed in writing his *Marlborough*, Hitler rose to power. At last history had become contemporary. Not merely could he use his literary masterpiece to clear his ancestor's name of Macaulay's charges; he himself would play Marlborough's role on a vaster stage. His attempt to revive his father's Radicalism had been a self-conscious piece of imitation. He was determined not to imitate but to re-create greatness in playing the role of statesman-soldier. He has been playing it ever since.

Though he has now achieved fame, I cannot myself see any evidence that Mr. Churchill's character has matured since he was dismissed by Mr. Baldwin after 1929 with the dry comment, "Winston's inability to fit himself into a team is a disadvantage that outweighs the contribution he has to offer." He is still the political adventurer with an eye to the main chance and an insatiable appetite for fame; the cock-sure amateur strategist, disturbing the professional soldiers so often with his bright ideas that sooner or later one must be right; the romantic, whose policies are derived not from facts and principles but from patriotic legend. As H. G. Wells once remarked, "He belongs to a peculiarly gifted and privileged class of beings, to whom the lives and affairs of common men are the raw material of brilliant careers. . . . In England d'Annunzio would have been Churchill. In Italy, Churchill would have been a d'Annunzio." Most men with a sense of destiny have tried to mould history in accordance with an idea. Mr. Churchill's dream has always been to see Britain riding the wave of history with Winston as her skipper; and he is ready to jeopardise principles, Party—everything but his closest friends—to keep the vessel afloat and his own hand on the tiller. Whither the wave of history is moving, he regards as the kind of subversive question which Campbell-Bannerman or Attlee would ask—and which the Kremlin would answer if Churchill were not there to stop it.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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JONATHAN CAPE

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

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Fantasy Poets: No. 8. By F. GEORGE STEINER. **No. 11.** By GEOFFREY HILL. **No. 15.** By A. ALVAREZ. 9*d.* each.

Dr. Williams's poems have their material in everyday American life, and their technique is the imagist one of presentation (visual presentation, particularly) with commentary cut to the minimum or, ideally, implied in the presentation itself. *Paterson* is an attempt to adapt this technique of vivid disconnection—or of being vivid, and leaving connection to the reader—to the needs of grand structure. The poem grows out of the landscape and history of Paterson, the small New Jersey town where Dr. Williams practises as a family physician, and the idea is that "a man in himself is a city, beginning, seeking, achieving and concluding his life in ways which the various aspects of a city may embody." On the first two books—two more, which complete the poem, have been published in America—I find it hard to pass judgment. It does seem to me, however, that the scale of the poem brings out, as Dr. Williams's shorter poems do not, the limitations of the imagist technique. Touchstones are unfair, but reading such as passage as this—

> —the jalopy half hid
> behind them in the trees—
> I bought a new bathing-suit, just
> pants and a brassier:
> the breasts and
> the pudenda covered—beneath
> the sun in frank vulgarity.
> Minds beaten thin
> by waste—among
> the working classes SOME sort
> of breakdown has occurred.

I found myself remembering Marlowe:

> To hide those parts which men delight to see,

and a line I cannot trace:

> Lust and forgetfulness have been among us.

Set against such "traditional rhetoric," Dr. Williams's tricks do stick out: the capitalised "SOME" giving portentousness to a lack of definition, the twitchy breakaways at "just," "and," "beneath," and "among," the range of vocabulary from A to B, from demotic "pants" to pedantic "pudenda." Yet just this manner *may* be necessary for this relevance of social comment: the "semi-naked . . . semi-roused," a frustrating titillation, as the new opium of the masses. *Paterson* is like Mr. Pound's *Cantos*, an evaluative poem, an attempt, but more homely and intimate, to sort out the seeds of life and death in modern society. It is an honourably ambitious poem and until we have seen the last two books I think we should give it the pending benefit of a large doubt.

For if imagism here seems to be tackling more than it can cope with, the two long poems by Mr. Walker and Mr. Hare do not make one any happier about the *actual* potentialities, today, of "traditional rhetoric." Mr. Walker's poem is a linked series of semi-Shakespearean sonnets in octosyllables (the actual rhyme-scheme is ABABCCDDEFFEGG, an invention and, as it seems to me, a rather pointless one). The style is jerky and jaunty and plays about with large abstractions with a would-be playfulness that I find slipshod and dispiriting:

> "Fatality" of lowering chasms,
> The "Ecstasies" of love's orgasms,
> "Doubt" for the mist that holds the ground,
> And "Hope" that Cape I round—and round!

The total effect is like that of a very fluent person philosophising, who hasn't read much philosophy. The thought, stretched out thin on the expansive verbal mechanism, and the complacently trite personifications—

> Imagination's "magic city"
> Where Memory walks in tranquil streets,

have the effect of giving one a new respect for Dr. Williams's sensitive deliberate inarticulacy and bits of gritty local colour. (Why the knowing inverted commas round "magic city"—the nudge, "I know this is a bit of verbiage, boys!"—and not round "Imagination," "Memory," and "Tranquil streets"?) Mr. Hare's poem, on the other hand, at least tells a story, and in its way is fun. It is a straightforward, unimportant, but rather likeable piece of tushery, reminding one of Maurice Hewlett or *The Black Arrow*. The first three lines are typical:

> If we liken Hope to a magic tree
> Dimly striving towards the stars,
> To what shall fell Time likened be?

The epithet "fell," so beautifully right and wrong, is the give-away.

It is refreshing to turn away from this "neo-Elizabethan" mock-medievalism, to the genuine flare and murk of Mr. Scott's versions of Villon, "made owre intil Scots."

> Grant his saul eternal rest
> In yon clear, undeein licht,
> Although he gaed mair wrang than richt.
> Plate nor cup he ne'er possessed.
> Fell bald he wes—beard, eebroos, chest,
> Bald as a neep—an unco sicht.
> Grant his saul eternal rest.

("Fell" *there*, as an intensifying adverb, is living Scottish colloquial.) Like everybody else, Mr. Scott has sometimes to "point up" Villon to fill out a line:

> *Emperière des infernaux polus*

becomes

> Empress o the ill-reekin bogs o hell,

but "ill-reekin," unlike many of Swinburne's and Rossetti's elaborations, seems to me right in period and tone; and Lallans can carry over Villon's dour piety, his scurrilousness and his obscene jokes without self-consciousness. Mr. Davies, on the other hand, a Welshman with strong working-class loyalties, seems to me to be looking for a Lallans-like directness in modern English and not finding it:

> In Gwalia, in my Gwalia,
> The vandals out of Hell
> Ransacked and marred for ever
> The wooded hill and dell.

I can imagine that and many other passages being read aloud to the right audience with tremendous effect; alas that what takes the group ear should be just today what the solitary ear jibs at! I have not space to say much about the three young Oxford poets, except to call attention to the excellent Fantasy series of cheap pamphlets which probably does give us a preview of some of the coming talents of the next ten years. At present Mr. Steiner is very much at the feet of Mr. Pound, Mr. Alvarez at those of Mr. Empson, while Mr. Hill writes variants on, as tributes to, such great dead figures as Blake and Smart. In Mr. Hill I notice a power of physical evocation:

> Against the burly air I strode,

in Mr. Alvarez a genuine Empsonian gift for the good offhand line:

> This giant straddles a cosmology . . . .

One looks forward to the stage when all three, having learned from their masters, will be old enough to quarrel with them, and expand in their own veins.

G. S. FRASER

THE CENTURY OF SUGAR

Salvador de Sá and the Struggle for Brazil and Angola. By C. R. BOXER. *Athlone Press.* 35*s.*

The Portuguese Empire, that vast mercantile system of forts and factories along the coasts of three continents from Brazil to Japan, was built up, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, through absence of mind: absence of mind on the part not of Portuguese rulers—few empires have owed so much to direct government initiative—but of other European powers. By the end of the sixteenth century, other and stronger powers had caught up; the Portuguese Empire, exposed through the fatal union of Crowns to all the enemies of Spain, was disastrously attacked; and by 1640, when that union was terminated by successful rebellion, the Asiatic Empire, the discoveries of da Gama and dominions of Albuquerque, had become a mere shadow. Of the empire of the House of Aviz it seemed that only the unvalued Atlantic fragments—Brazil and Angola—had descended to the House of Braganza, and even these had to be recovered from Dutch invaders. And yet, by an irony of economic history, these once disregarded fragments were to prove, for Portugal, as profitable as the lost empire of the East to its new masters, the Dutch. For the century from 1580 to 1680 was, as Professor Boxer calls it, "the century of sugar." Thanks to sugar, introduced to those formerly neglected coasts by a few Portuguese Jews fleeing from the Inquisition, Brazil was "the milch-cow" of the King of Portugal, more valuable to him than the mines of Peru to the King of Spain; and since sugar, in its turn, required Negro slaves to work in the mills and plantations, Angola, which had replaced Guinea as the source of such slaves, was "the nerve of Brazil." "Without Negroes," said a learned Portuguese Jesuit, "there is no Pernambuco, and without Angola there are no Negroes." Without Angola, the new King was advised in 1643, "Brazil cannot survive, nor can Portugal without Brazil." If Portugal in fact survived, if it survived the sixty years' Spanish captivity, the eighty years' war with the Dutch and the twenty-eight years' war with Spain, that was because the Dutch, though they occupied Pernambuco for thirty years and Luanda for seven years, were never able to conquer either colony and were in the end driven from both. In spite of terrible depredations—294 Brazil ships were once lost in a single year—the vast sugar-fleets (twenty or thirty times the size of the famous Spanish silver-fleets) continued to carry to Lisbon those cargoes whose price sustained the economy, the diplomacy, the wars, and after 1640, the independence of Portugal; and the Portuguese Jesuits, the intellectual dictators of the Empire, who so boldly and sometimes imprudently defended the freedom of the Red Indians, never hesitated, in so sacred a cause, in their assurances that black men were, of course, quite different.

Such is the subject now illuminated by Professor Boxer—a professor of literature who has already proved himself one of our best historians. It is perhaps a pity that he has rested so large and rich a subject on the somewhat artificial basis of a personal biography; for although Salvador de Sá, born into a great colonial family, was

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governor of Rio, captain-general of southern Brazil, general of the sugar-fleets, reconqueror of Luanda from the Dutch; and although, in his various activities as trader and monopolist, landlord and capitalist, warrior and administrator, ship-builder and mine-prospector, protector and *protégé* of the Jesuits, he illustrates, or can be made to illustrate, almost every incident in this history, every problem in this masterly analysis, nevertheless (as Professor Boxer is aware) there are creaks and cracks of maladjustment. So his book, which for richness and profundity of scholarship is one that only he could have written, lacks the crowning grace of artistic unity. Really, this is a history of the structure of the Portuguese Empire in the seventeenth century, of the economic interdependence of Portugal, Brazil and Angola, of the penetration of this system by the Jesuits from within and the Dutch from without (for the century of sugar was also the century of the Jesuits and the Dutch), and of the expulsion of the latter and the strengthening of the former through the recovery of Portuguese independence. In this story Salvador de Sá continually crops up; but although this sometimes unnecessarily enlarges the book, my only real regret is that it sometimes also narrows it. In particular, it brings it to an end too soon. I could wish that Professor Boxer had prolonged it, if not to the expulsion of the Jesuits, at least for a few years after the death of his hero, when the opening of the gold-mines of Minas Geraes in Brazil and the triumph of the vineyards over the textiles of Portugal introduced yet another era in the history of that irrepressible commercial empire.

And yet this book is far too good for a review to end even with modified regrets. Professor Boxer touches no problem that he does not illuminate. His scholarship is wonderfully deep and various. He is at home not only in Portugal and Brazil, but in the company-finance of Holland, the Reductions of Paraguay, the smuggling-trade of Buenos Aires, the mines of Potosi, the legends of El Dorado and the Emerald Mountain, and those engaging African cannibals, the Naga, whose queen, "since local custom did not allow a woman to rule in chief, dressed in male clothing (in so far as Negroes wore any clothing at all) and kept fifty or sixty stalwart young men dressed as female concubines in her entourage." How I wish we had more historians like him!

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

STILL WORSE

Better English. By G. H. VALLINS. *Pan Books.* 2s.

A Dictionary of New Words in English. By PAUL C. BERG. *Allen & Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In *Good English* Mr. Vallins, who knows neither tact nor mercy, showed us how badly we all write, dragging forward many blushing examples from THE NEW STATESMAN, the *T.L.S.*, the *Spectator*, and the rest of the week-end reading to which he must always look forward with such pain. But at least those examples were anonymous: we were able to identify our own shameful children in secret, with our backs turned on the world and each other. Now, because we made no fuss and all took our 100 lines like little men, he has not merely done it again but given our addresses. *Better English* is, in fact, worse; only the miraculous price remains.

For the unquoted, this attribution of every exposure makes a savagely enjoyable book. (I'm in it only once, and only because Mr. Vallins sees a "misrelated present participle"—my own special hate—where none exists.) As an anthology of howlers, it is patiently and logically arranged, with comment that is shrewd, provocative, witty and occasionally unfair, without ever quite dropping the mask of modesty. Necessarily it reminds one of Fowler, but English is a living language to Mr. Vallins: his position is less arbitrary than Fowler's and his criticism less scathing. Twice, indeed, he charges Fowler with "pedantry run mad," though, like Fowler, he has his private conceits and his favourite victims. One of the victims is Miss Jacquetta Hawkes, and another is Mr. William Empson, whose *Structure of Complex Words* must have been a godsend.

But such an anthologist must employ a ferocious care and an arid integrity. Some of the passages Mr. Vallins criticises as turgid are admittedly unintelligible, even if one doesn't adopt as he often does, the stock impenetrability of the mortarboard; but others are at least easier to understand than his criticisms of them. Here and there he condemns because he misunderstands—as on page 93, where he assumes "instants of classical sanity" to mean "instances," and castigates it, though it clearly means "moments." Above all, he cannot afford the misprints that make some of the quotations look worse than they need—for example the intrusive apostrophe in THE NEW STATESMAN sentence on p. 89, "never" for "ever" in the Eric Partridge quotation on p. 134, and the puzzling assertion on p. 48 that the distinction between *each other* and *one another* is "a convenient one, though so often ignored as to have any real validity" (*sic*).

I should hate to turn Mr. Vallins loose on the preface that the late Dr. Berg wrote to his *Dictionary of New Words in English*, especially if he had first sniffed a piece of paper soaked in clichés. I read it immediately after reading Mr. Vallins, a stern approach to any writer. But it is the Dictionary that matters, and, like all personal collections of new words, this one is intensely interesting. It is true that Dr. Berg falls continuously at two hurdles: definition and date. In letter C alone he gives wrong meanings for Clerihew, Continuity Girl and Corrective Training; and to take one year alone—1948—he cites this for Belisha Beacon, Colonel Blimp, Civvy Street, Coalite, Itma. "Dashboard" he dates 1949! On the other hand words like doodling, Mr. Chad, work-out, and Z-class, and such claptrap phrases as intelligence quotient and inferiority complex, are not here at all.

C. H. ROLPH

NEW NOVELS

The Echoing Grove. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Fire-Raisers. By MARRIS MURRAY. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Soft Voice of the Serpent. By NADINE GORDIMER. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Miss Lehmann believes, so the jacket of her new novel informs us, in the "ultimate importance of the relationship between man and his fellow human beings": which has a fine ring to it, even if we are not sure what precisely is meant. The relationships considered in *The Echoing Grove* are primarily sexual, to begin with; and these are only a part of man's life, and a smaller part than ladies of sensibility and leisure would give us to understand. Indeed, it would be possible to make short work of this long novel in homely words that the printer very likely would refuse to set up.

There is a triangle of which the two female sides, to give an extra twist to the screw, are sisters, one being the wife and one the mistress. When the story opens the man is already dead and the sisters are in the process of reconciliation; and the whole tedious affair is related in flashbacks, memories, interior monologues and apparently endless discussion. I must confess to having plodded along with an ever-growing exasperation. Bitches are well enough in their way, but soulful bitches are not to be endured. Nothing would surprise me less, however, than to learn that I have missed the point. A hysterical scene between the two quivering ladies as to which should kill a wounded rat was clearly fraught with special and deep significance; but I merely longed for some hale rustic to pass by and put everyone out of his pain, the girls included. Better still would be if the main characters in the story were subjected to cross-examination by Miss Compton-Burnett, and her findings offered in an Appendix.

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or otherwise, will probably receive the book with rapture. Others may feel as if they were making their way through a sea of toasted marshmallow.

A promising first novel, *The Fire-Raisers*, by Marris Murray, comes from South Africa. The cruelties, the violences of that beautiful land, the bitterness of its helpless people, the despair of its good ones, have deeply stirred this writer. She sees that something terrible weighs on the country, something crazy and macabre, and she reflects it in the characters of her book, several of whom are absolutely and unpleasantly mad. Miss Murray is a beginner, and she does not yet draw her people altogether convincingly. Neither Jacob, the good old man who shelters the half-caste Agatha while she has her illegitimate child, nor Etienne, the frustrated young schoolmaster who lives in his house, is truly flesh and blood, so that the resulting love-triangle loses in poignancy. But the delicacy of Miss Murray's mind, her keen observation, her sense of the tragic and her very considerable powers of expression, all combine to make a vivid and unusual book, and one that promises well for the future.

Mr. Gollancz delightedly claims to have "discovered" Miss Nadine Gordimer; but those who are interested in the art of the short story were probably admirers of her work before this collection appeared. She, too, is South African, and so young that one is not afraid to say that an artist of real importance has arrived. Her stories vary in quality, from those which are in the first class to those which would probably take first prize in a literary competition; but her faults of occasional over-writing, of over-charging with emotion, of mild hysteria even, are the faults of immaturity while her splendid gifts are those of the born story-teller.

It would be a mistake to think of her as a "South African" writer, for her themes are universal. Nevertheless, racial conflict and jealousy and misunderstanding inevitably form part of her material, and two of her best stories deal with them. In *The Defeated* we see that saddest of things, a man himself the victim of injustice meting it out to others. The little Jewish store-keeper and his wife are despised and neglected by their daughter after they have stinted themselves to give her a happier, better start in life than their own, overshadowed as it was by the humiliations of the ghetto: now she has married above her and moved away, and Mr. Saiyetovitz goes on drearily serving behind his counter. A Swazi comes in to make a purchase and

> Through the eddy of dust in the lonely interior and the wavering fear round the head of the native and the bright hot dance of the jazz blankets and the dreadful submission of Mrs. Saiyetovitz's conquered voice in my ear, I heard his voice strike like a snake at my faith: angry and brow-beating, sullen and final, lashing weakness at the weak.

The Amateurs balances precariously between laughter and tears. A theatrical company comes to give a performance of *The Importance of Being Earnest*, in the Native Location. They have some misgivings about the choice of the play and, in fact, the audience hasn't the faintest idea of what it can mean. It remains utterly spell-bound, none the less, and gradually the players begin to feel the impact of its child-like concentration and to "ham" and strut in the effort to make themselves comprehensible.

> The cerebral acid of Oscar Wilde's love scenes was splurged out by the oglings and winks of musical comedy, as surely as a custard pie might blot the thin features of a cynic.

At the end of this deplorable caper they receive an ovation, and an impassioned vote of thanks whose mover suggests that here, perhaps, is the answer to Juvenile Delinquency.

Other excellent stories are *The Watcher of the Dead*, *Ah Woe is Me* and *A Present for a Good Girl*, in which Miss Gordimer displays to the full her gentle understanding of our frailties. Her talent is impressive indeed, rich and versatile and abundant: it is not one of brilliant promise only but of solid, early fulfilment.

HONOR TRACY

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Orchestral. MOZART: Clarinet Concerto (Cahuzac/Danish State Radio Orch/Wöldike); HAYDN: Symphony No. 6 (Vienna Chamber Orch/Litschauer. *N.§HLP1047). Louis Cahuzac's style in the concerto is very much purer than Reginald Kell's (in his recent disc), and he is well supported by orchestra and recording; but the Finale is distinctly too slow. Nevertheless, I recommend this record as being likely to give the more lasting pleasure. CHERUBINI: *Paternoster* (Pougnet/London Baroque Orch/Haas. *P.R20618). This arrangement, made in 1834 by the composer, of his early setting of the Lord's Prayer, is a meditation on the successive phrases of the prayer, worked up in the concerto style and provided with an effective final section. The solo violin (he is accompanied by violas, cellos, and basses only) gives a tasteful performance, and the recording, though not first rate, is quite tolerable. I strongly recommend this curious piece, which grows on one. DVORAK: Piano Concerto, G minor, Op. 33 (Wührer/Vienna Sym Orch/Moralt. *V.§PL7630). This concerto has been unjustly neglected—no doubt because the solo writing is not brilliant enough to please virtuosos. The first movement is perhaps rather diffuse and too square-cut, but it has a panoramic sweep that is exciting to follow. The Andante is full of Dvorak's characteristic poetry, and the "Hungarian" Finale is most exhilarating. Friedrich Wührer plays the solo very convincingly, the orchestral detail is well caught, the total effect spacious and agreeable. STRAVINSKY: Piano Concerto (Mewton-Wood/Residentie Orch/Goehr); PROKOFIEV: Violin Concerto No. 1 (Odnoposoff/Radio Zurich Orch/Hollreiser. *N.§CLP1160). Stravinsky's concerto, which dates from 1924, might be described unkindly as Bach reflected in a distorting mirror, and pepped up with jazz; but it is always clever and sometimes beautiful. Noel Mewton-Wood gives an athletic—and in the Largo a delicate—account of the solo, and the recording is capable. Prokofiev's First Violin Concerto—one of his most poetic works—returns to the catalogue in a most seductive performance. There are some patches of scratch and fuzz, but the recording is otherwise faithful. CHOPIN: Piano Concerto No. 1, E minor (Mewton-Wood/Netherlands Phil Orch/Goehr. *N.§CLP1153). A much more satisfying and individual performance than Brailowsky's (HMV). There are moments when the extreme delicacy of Mewton-Wood's touch deprives us of several notes in the left hand; but, although he takes the first movement faster than usual, he gives the themes their full romantic flavour and in the Finale manages to interest us even in the empty passage work. The opening ritornello (cut to ribbons in the HMV disc) is, thank Heaven, given in full. The piano tone is excellent at all levels, but the orchestral tuttis are somewhat congested and there is a nasty hum throughout the Largo. MENDELSSOHN: Concerto for two pianos, A flat major (Frugoni/Taddei/Vienna Sym Orch/Moralt. *V.§PL7400). A very early work (1822-3), only recently unearthed in the Prussian State Library in Berlin. Musically not a patch on the Octet and far too lengthy (concision is a virtue that comes late to artists), but a remarkable performance for a boy of fifteen. This is a pleasing record, but there are moments of rowdiness in the tuttis. MENDELSSOHN: Piano Concerto No. 1, G minor (Frugoni); *Overtures—*Becalmed Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, and *The Beautiful Melusina* (Vienna Sym Orch/Moltkau. V.§PL7440). The concerto is efficiently played by Orazio Frugoni, but there is something definitely wrong with the recording, which is acid and shrill. The overtures, on the other hand, are most agreeably managed; both are charming music, and otherwise exist only in poorly recorded SP versions. VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: **Violin Concerto, D minor (Fuchs); TANSMAN: *Triptych (Zimbler Sinfonietta. B.§AXTL1006). Discophiles should be very grateful for this affectionate performance of a rarely heard, but typically lovely work, which used to be known as "Concerto accademico." Josef Fuchs handles the pastoral music with real feeling and the recording is excellent. *Triptych* is a harmless and mostly agreeable piece of modern music. ELGAR: *Enigma Variations and Serenade*, Op. 20 (Concert Hall Sym Orch/Goehr. N.§CLP1154). Walter Goehr is a conductor of proven ability in many spheres, but on this occasion he gives what I can only describe as a grotesque reading of a work which does not admit of widely divergent interpretations. The tempi in general are dismally slow (they could have been checked against Elgar's own, in his old recording), the orchestral playing is ragged, and in "Troyte" the tuba is permitted to play his G on the last page an octave below the written note, which alters the harmony. The performance of the Serenade is not open to the same objections, but the disc cannot be recommended. HINDEMITH: **Kammermusik* No. 1, Op. 24, No. 1; *STRAVINSKY: 2 Suites for little orchestra (Little Orch Society/Scherman. B.§AXL2005). The four short movements of the *Kammermusik* are in the composer's second manner, when he was drawing away from Brahms and Reger, through Stravinsky and Bartok, to the neo-classical style of his maturity. The little work is sprightly, in the 1921 manner, and the third movement, a quartet for glockenspiel, flute, clarinet and bassoon, is particularly attractive, sounding like the tale of a harmless ghost. The title seems a misnomer, for the score calls for no less than twelve instruments and a battery of percussion. The Stravinsky suites are orchestrated versions of piano duets written during the first war; they are jejune to the point of silliness, but are as brilliantly played as the Hindemith and only slightly less well recorded. MOZART: Piano Concertos, A major, K 414, and C major, K 467 (Jensen/Danish State Radio Orch/Wöldike. N.§HLP1054). I have no space to go into details but this disc contains two of the most styleless Mozart performances I have ever heard. Also recommended: BARTOK: **Dance Suite; KODALY: *Dances of Galanta (LPO/Solti. D.§LXT2771). MOZART: Serenata notturna, K 239; TELEMANN: Suite, A minor, flute and strings (Pappoutsakis / Zimbler Sinfonietta. **B.§AXTL1009). VIVALDI: 2 concertos for viola d'amore, Op. 25 (Danks/London Ensemble. *N.§LPY901). RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *Tsar Saltan*—Suite; MASSENET: Le Cid—ballet suite (Netherlands Phil Orch/Spruit. **N.§CLP1155). QUILTER: Children's Overture (LSO/Weldon. *C.DX1869). SARASATE: *Zigeunerweisen* (Heifetz/RCA Victor Sym Orch/Steinberg. *G.DB21560).

Chamber Music and Piano. HAYDN: 4 Notturni (Vienna Chamber Orch/Litschauer. *N.§HLP1023); 3 Notturni (Ditto) and *Horn Trio, E flat major (Koch/Schneiderhan/Huebner. N.§HLP1044). The curious but far from negligible Notturni were composed in 1790 for Ferdinand IV of Naples and each contained parts for the monarch's favourite instrument, the lyra organizzata, a kind of hurdy-gurdy. In the versions which he made for London, Haydn substituted violins for the clarinets and flutes for the two lyre (an oboe takes over the second flute part in Nos. 4 and 6). The Notturni are miniature sonatas in three movements (except for No. 6, which has no Finale), and as music they are in every respect worthy of Haydn's mature sensibility and technique. They are very nicely played, but there is some distortion on the later disc. The Horn Trio is a somewhat meagre work, but the difficult horn part is very brilliantly played. SCHUBERT: String Quartet, D minor, Op. posth. ("Death and the Maiden") (Hungarian Qt. N§CLP 1152). Too colourless and unidiomatic a performance to be considered. The playing is clumsy: the themes fall flat; the progress of the music is never sinuous. MOZART: Piano Quartets, G minor, K 478, and E flat major, K 493 (Curzon/Members of Amadeus Qt. *D.§LXT-2772). A very satisfactory coupling, which would certainly have been double-starred if the violinist's tone had been steadier. BACH: Italian Concerto (Selbiger. C.LX8955-6). Very heavily played,

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PARIS, Cité Club Universitaire: 11 days £19 12*s.* (students & teachers less). Fare, full board, excursions, etc. Queensway Travel, 60 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 3875 until 8.

OSTEOPATHY. Massage, Manipulation, Relaxation-therapy, Nerve stimulation. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure on nerve therapy.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia. July 26-August 8, £23. International holiday centre Paris, 1 week £15 17*s.* 6*d.* Also holidays at other Socialist centres. International Union of Socialist Youth, 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

PERSONAL—continued

PROF. woman (30) invites similar as opera-going companion(s), visit Verona open-air opera season, last fortnight July. Economy an object. Box 8061.

HOUSEPARTY for people interested in sport, dancing. August. Bournemouth. Box 7891.

ISRAEL & U.S.A. The World Union of Jewish Students announces for Summer 1953 its Israel International Work Camp; U.S.A. Study Tour; reduced student fares to Israel. Apply in writing only to 60, Marlborough Place, London, N.W.8.

SUGGESTIONS or recommendations gratefully recd. for happy, well cared for hol. pref. seaside, children's camp or sim. unaccomp. boy 7, girl 11, 2 wks. Aug. Box 7879.

JUAN Les Pins, Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, St. Raphael. Bookings arranged for hotels and apartments by Englishman living at Juan Les Pins. No commission. Box 7867.

DID you see James Dring's exhibition last month at the Galerie Apollinaire? If so you will be interested to know he is taking a sketching party to Provence in August. Details from Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48a Park Road, N.W.1.

SEE Yugoslavia at its best in May, June, Sept., Oct., with the increased Travel Allowance of £40. 15-day luxury Coach Tour Bled, Zagreb, Belgrade, Sarajevo, Mostar, Dubrovnik, Split, Opatija. 51*gns.* Departures July 11, August 8. Special Coronation offer, departures: May 16, June 13, Sept. 5, Oct. 3, for 49*gns.* fully incl. Many other attractive tours. Ample spending money. Send now for free illustrated brochure. See Yugoslavia, Ltd., Dept. N.S., 78, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. Museum 9351/2.

NECKARSTEINACH (Heidelberg). Old world hotel with terrace on river, bathing, boating. 2 weeks, £28 inclusive. E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, W.C.2.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127), will continue throughout Spring & Summer to welcome novices and others for any period from 1 week. Most Crafts, both simple & more advanced, catered for.

CONTINENTAL Holidays. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Our brochure offers hundreds of European and Sterling Holidays from £17 for 10 days. Special: Two and Three Centre Tours; Spring in Paris, Channel Islands: Air and Coach Tours. Your holiday easily arranged by post. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 1st Floor, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2. WHItehall 4114/5.

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THE Different Holiday. 12-day cruises on England's lovely Waterways. Brochure: Waterborne Tours, BCM/Canals (C), W.C.1.

AU Pair: We arrange 3-9 months' stay Switzerland, France, Belgium for young educated girls willing help with children, easy housework; pocket money. Same applies to foreign girls wishing to stay with English families, Enc. S.a.e. Educational Touring Service, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

CONCERT Pianist, trained in Godowsky school, takes pupils all stages. VIC 0820.

COACHING or Holidays. 2/4 boys over 9 yrs. old taken by West Ireland graduate clergyman (Protestant) from June. Speciality Maths, Langs. Magnificent healthy cntry. Atlantic seaboard. Interview London. Box 8194.

WESTERN Brittany for Inexpensive Holidays. Finistère is the country of beaches, golden sands, protected by impressive rocks, of picturesque fishing ports and unspoiled villages, of exquisitely carved calvaries, of charming local customs and costumes. The water is warm, the countryside green and pleasant, the food excellent. The hotels quote prices below the national average and offer particularly advantageous terms before and after the peak period. Illustrated folder and list of hotels from the Comité Départemental du Tourisme du Finistère, Quimper, or the French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon in the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10*s.* Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS15), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SPAIN. Sitges, Tossa, 15 days unherded tho' escorted. Small mixed informal party. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d.* stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PERSONAL—continued on page 437

PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

BEFORE the advent of television as a home entertainment for the millions, an electronic device known as a cathode ray tube found limited applications in scientific measuring instruments. Today, this device is the heart of every television receiver, and it is being mass-produced to remarkably high standards of performance and reliability.

In the operation of the cathode ray tube in a television receiver, a beam of electrons, modulated by the signals received from the transmitter, impinges on a luminescent screen. The scanning action of the electron beam reconstructs the transmitted picture, while the varying intensity of the beam provides the light and shade.

In direct-viewing receivers the picture is seen on the actual face of the tube. In projection receivers a picture of high brilliance, produced on the face of a tiny cathode ray tube, is magnified, and is then projected on to a viewing screen.

The manufacture of cathode ray tubes is a major activity of the Mullard organisation, and hundreds of thousands are produced annually for the British radio and television industry.

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(398L)

and the noises made by the mechanism of Miss Selbiger's harpsichord are most distracting. Readers are reminded that the wonderful Landowska set of this work is still available (*G.DB-5007-8). BEETHOVEN: Hammerklavier Sonata, Op. 106 (Horszowski. *V.§PL6750); Ditto (Backhaus. D.§LXT2777). Horszowski's deeply musical, comprehensive, unhurried account of this tremendous sonata makes Gulda's brilliant record (*D.LXT§2624) sound very superficial. Backhaus, of course, gives a competent performance, but his style is too impersonal for late Beethoven—the Adagio has none of the mystery, and the melancholy exaltation, with which Horszowski invests it—and he gets the least happy recording of the three. Horszowski has his moments of weakness, notably in the first movement, which has not enough drive; but, of the three, this is the interpretation of which one would least quickly tire. CHOPIN: Sonatas, B flat minor and B minor (Novaes. *V.§PL7360); 24 Preludes—complete (Novaes. *V.§PL6170). The Brazilian pianist, Guiomar Novaes, is a mature artist of impressive attainments: her technique is firm and masculine, and her handling of the sonatas as wholes is extremely convincing. It seems a pity to have cut seventeen bars from the Largo of the B minor Sonata; otherwise her rendering can hold a candle to Lipatti—and that is saying a lot! Her playing of the Preludes is much more uneven—and so is the recording. I get the impression that tenderness is not this pianist's forte; but her brilliance is never merely superficial and she can essay the grand style with success. All in all, this is much the best available version of the Preludes.

Vocal. BACH: St. John Passion (Soloists/Akademie Kammerchor/Vienna Sym Orch/Grossmann. *V.§PL6553, 3 discs); Easter Oratorio (Soloists/Akademie Chor/Vienna Chamber Orch/Prohaska. N.§PLP307); Cantata No. 80: "Ein'feste Burg ist unser Gott" (Soloists/Akademie Chor/Vienna Chamber Orch/Prohaska. **N.§BLP308); *Cantata No. 4: "Christ lag in Todesbanden", & *No. 140: "Watchet auf" (Soloists/Bach Guild Choir & Orch/Prohaska. N.§BLP311); VIVALDI: Psalm 111 ("Beatus Vir") (Soloists/Choir and Orch/Grischkat. **V.§PL7140). These records display the religious imagination of the high baroque era at its most fervent. The level of inspiration in the St. John Passion may be less sustained than it is in the St. Matthew, but the work has a special tenderness, and in the recitatives an intimately graphic quality, that are in wonderful accord with the character of the apostle. The Viennese forces are handled with superb authority by Ferdinand Grossmann, and the solos, both vocal and instrumental, are finely interpreted. The Easter Oratorio, a most silvery and appealing work, receives a good performance, though the male soloists are rather nervous in the florid passages. The chorus and the orchestral balance are exemplary, but there is one serious blot on the issue: in the soprano aria which closes side 1 the recording starts to wax and wane, then collapses altogether; but many people may be prepared to put up with the total loss of one aria for the sake of the rest. The monumental "Ein' feste Burg" is thrillingly sung and the recording successfully accommodates the great mass of sound. This is a most impressive disc. The other two cantatas, both among Bach's finest, are carefully rendered and only slightly less well recorded. *Beatus vir* will surprise those who know Vivaldi only as the indefatigable spinner of tasteful but rather too anxiously symmetrical concertos. The setting of Psalm 111 is of the most elaborate kind, complete with florid solos and an ochestral interlude, and building up a total effect of elevating grandeur.

I regret to say that last month I gave the wrong number for the Beethoven *Missa solemnis*: it should be V.PL6992 (2 discs). Also recommended: VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *Silent Noon* and *The Vagabond Song* (Nash. *G.C4210); BACH: *Bist du bei mir*, & MOZART: *Abendempfindung* (Schwarzkopf. *C.LX1580); WAGNER: *Parsifal*—"Ich sah das Kind" (Traubel. **G.DB21562).

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Letters of Jews Through the Ages, reviewed by H. R. Trevor-Roper last week, was published by the Ararat Publishing Society in conjunction with the East and West Library.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,207

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for a 150-word comment on the Russian *volte-face* by any one of the following pairs: Dr. Johnson and Voltaire, Burke and Tom Paine, Talleyrand and Cobbett, the older and the younger Wordsworth, or George Orwell and R. Palme Dutt. Entries by April 21.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,204

Set by Arachne McLeod

Competitors are invited to formulate, in verse, The Gardener's Resolve for the Coming Season.

Report by Arachne McLeod

A fine sprouting crop, and no space to bed them out! Having had to thin the entries rigorously, I now prune my report with equal severity: noting only that the predominating Resolve (however hypocritically disguised as Quietism, Wild-Nature-worship, Love of animals, etc., etc.), was to give up the whole maddening business.

Three guineas to the sacrilegious Frank Pavry; a guinea each to Lakon, E. B. C. Jones and Elaine Morgan.

ONE GARDENER'S RESOLVE FOR THE COMING SEASON

Next time He turns my compost heap
I'll ask Him, civil like, to keep
Away and save His city hands
For turning muck He understands.

And when he gazes at the sky
And asks if Whitsun will be dry
I'll tell Him straight to hear the News
Instead of printing (free) *my* views.

This year *I'll* choose the colour scheme
With deepest blue the central theme:
It fairly drives a chap to drink
With buds, blooms, berries red or pink.

I'm sick of His week-end review
Where nothing's right that ever grew.
The name? I asks you, keep it dark.
And *post* the prize to Mr. Park.

FRANK PAVRY

Oh, Adam was a gardener. The Lord who made him first
Made Eden from the wilderness, but Adam's line was cursed
To glory in their gardens and dig like anything.
The Glory of the Garden is what gets men in the Spring.

Last year I got lumbago, toiling, sweating, digging holes.
I hoed and trenched and weeded; fought wireworms and moles.
This Spring brings drought and thistles. I'm blasphemous and slack.
The Lord who made my garden shall have the garden back.

Henceforth I shall malinger with green thoughts in the shade;
Grow docks and weeds and nettles and never lift a spade.
I'll leave the curse of Adam to men with working wives
Who'll grub up things from gravel paths with broken dinner knives.

Let others dig their trenches and clip their stately yews;
Plant borders; beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues;
Keep peacocks on the terraces, with slugs and turnip fly.
The Glory of *my* Garden, I fear, is all my eye!

LAKON

I will not dig, I will not mow,
I will not weed, I will not hoe—
I'll leave all that to So-and-So.

If there is any sun, I'll sit
And simply make the most of it;
I will not read, I will not knit.

The flowers, with luck, will bloom and blow,
The vegetables, row on row,
Will generate a virtuous glow

In someone else. For me, is not
Idleness in a garden-plot
A lovesome thing, God wot?

E. B. C. JONES

I won't plant peas this year. I find it tends
To make me hate my little feathered friends.
Nor lettuces. Despite their greedy habits.
I dislike feeling savage towards rabbits.
I'll leave the hedge to Smith; for this suburbiage
Leads to unneighbourly and heated verbiage.
Shall I sow annuals? No, I know that that's
Quite fatal to my tolerance of cats.
Nor apple trees, considering the prevalence
Of Schoolboys. (It's so *ageing*, is malevolence.)
I must foreswear the vile sadistic thrill
Wherewith I've sought the sentient slug to kill . . .
So I'm resolved to lay, ere summer's spent,
One rod (pole, perch) of innocent cement;
To help the florists and greengrocers thrive—
Love all creation—save my soul alive!

ELAINE MORGAN

CHESS: Mixed Blessing

No. 184

Most of us have painful memories of the mortification we felt when—too late!—we saw a brilliant move we might have made instead of the stupid one we did make. Sometimes, of course, it happens to be our opponent who finds his lack of foresight punished by futile afterthoughts; but even then the blessed relief of our own escape cannot but be mixed with some regret for a pretty combination strangled at birth. That was how H. F. Moxon felt when, telling a story against himself, he sent me this interesting position. Having lost the exchange and

PERSONAL—continued from page 435

SUNSHINE Holidays. Enjoy good bathing, sunshine and cheap wine with one of my informal parties to Spain, the Balearics, Italy or Yugoslavia! Prec booklet from Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 and 9225.

EXCH. Viennese girl, 18 (lawyer's daughter), wd. like spend 3 mths. in English family, summer, return hospitality. Box 8252.

PRIVATE Museum will purchase native masks, figures, carvings, weapons, ornaments, curios from New Zealand, South Sea Islands, Benin, Africa, American Indian, Eskimo, etc. Mr. Hooper, The Totems, Croxley Green, Herts.

EMERGENCY home for children. Any period. 12*s.* 6*d.* a day. Education if needed. Ebworth Park, Nr. Stroud, Glos.

GERMAN girl stud., prospective English teacher, wants domestic work/care children, English family, several months summer. Refs. exchanged. Box 8265.

STAGNATING housewife, four languages, typing-shorthand, keen mind, adaptive, eager to learn, seeks interesting part-time job, remuneration unimportant, emphasis on education. Box 8287.

GOING Abroad? Join one of our parties at lowest prices obtainable. 8 days in Brussels or Paris, £12 10*s.* Also parties to Germany, Italy and Switzerland, 15 days from £29. Write for full details to: Hilgrove, 5 Doughty Street, London, W.C.1.

8TH August. Air travel to or from Munich included in Austrian tours, also coach tours to Dolomites and Vienna. Other Saturdays beginning July 11, air travel to Basle, Swiss centres Wilderswil and Locarno. 14-15 nights hotel, all in, £29-£42. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

COTSWOLD Cider. Any person who purchased or enquired about this cider should communicate without delay with John Lane, Ltd., 28 Little Russell St., London, W.C.1.

ENGLISH writer wants Engl./French conversation w. French native. PAR. 6309.

GUITAR lessons. Technique. Theory. Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov. FLA. 4354.

WEST London Painting Group: Studio with roof garden. Painting 3 weeks abroad August. Box 8129.

FOREST School Camps. Adventurous holidays in August for boys and girls 6½ to 18. Expeditions & hikes. Trained staff. Apply A. Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

FRENCH & German taught by qualified teacher, Sarah Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, N.W.6. Maida Vale 4657.

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PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

TRA. 2002: Baxter's hire menswear, f. weddings/formal functns. 13 Panton St. S.W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

SWISS, French, Spanish Mother's Helps available, excel. refs. E.S. Home & Overseas Emp. Serv., 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Leic. Sq., with licd. food counter. Meetings, socials, 1½*gns.* evg. Stage avlble. for try-outs of plays, etc. WHI. 3678.

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P.S. Remember the O. Henry character whose nature changed in accordance with the altitude? Why not try the effect on yourself this summer? At 6,000 feet you may take a quite different view of life.

P.P.S. Inclusive costs at Bretaye, 14 days, 23*gns.*, 21 days 28½*gns.*; also summer schools in Spain, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Jugo-slavia, so inexpensive that to stay in England would be a luxury you couldn't afford. Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

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WANTED, flat unfurn./part furn., 3 rooms. Pref. s.-ctd. or would share k./brm. Phone. Max. rent £150 yearly in advance. No F. and F./premium. Central London dist. Woman graduate, secretary. Dorothy Thompson, 17 Gloucester Gdns., N.W.11. Spe. 6430.

COMPOSER-Pianist wants unfurn. studio, N.W., S.W./Central London. Box 8210.

JOURNALIST/wife seek small s/c. flat furn./unfurn., central. Davidson, 36 Clifton Gardens, W.9.

CULTURED middle-aged woman teacher, Viennese linguist, sks. furn./unfurn. room, centrally situated. Willing to help week-ends or buy fittings. Box 8225.

SINGING student, female, own piano, requires small flat, flatlet or accom. permanent in home where practising permitted. St. John's Wood district pref'd. Box 8224.

TWO women graduates require 2/3-roomed s/c furn. flat, Central London, pref. Bloomsbury. Mod. rent. Box 8009.

YOUNG lady requires quiet, large, attractive bed-sitting-room, board, or kitchenette, or share kitchen with one other. Easy reach Baker Street. Box 8146.

VALE of Glamorgan, unfurn./part furn. acc. wanted, 2 prof. women. Garden. Wd. repair, decorate. Suggestions. Box 8068.

ARCHITECT, wife, 2 yng. chldn. sk. 2 wks. hol. sandy beach. July. Box 8041.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Encyclopædia Britannica, 1952 ed., 25*v.*—offers?; Cheap good 2nd-hand Frames; Bar-Lock Office Typewriter, excellent condition, sacrifice £17 10*s.*

WANTED: Henry Miller's "Colossus of Maroussi"; Handbook Marxism; Masaryk, Spirit Russia; Portuguese Linguaphone in good condition.

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If you have any difficulty in getting your Manchester Guardian regularly, please write to: The Manchester Guardian, Manchester.

carried on a fairly hopeless struggle for some time Moxon now saw how his opponent could put him out of his agony in a couple of moves. But he didn't; he made the feeble move R-KR8 which, after (1) . . . P x P, (2) R x P ch, K x P, etc., led to a draw. What he should have played was (1) R-K7 ch! Kt x R, (2) P x P!! etc. Another well-deserved chess-book token in this (rather overdue) display of "Readers' Own" goes to P. C. Wason for this spirited little game, which, though far from flawless, is quite entertaining. It was played in the Final of the 1952 BCCA Knock-out Tournament, and Wason was White.

(1)	P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(15) B-KR6	B x P
(2)	P-QB4	P-KKt3	(16) Q-B4	P-K3
(3)	Kt-QB3	P-Q4	(17) Kt-Kt5	B-K4
(4)	P x P	Kt x P	(18) Q-R4	Kt-Kt5
(5)	P-K4	Kt x Kt	(19) Q-K7	B x Kt?
(6)	P x Kt	P-QB4	(20) B x P!	Kt-B3
(7)	B-QB4	B-Kt2	(21) Q x P ch	K-R1
(8)	Kt-K2	Kt-B3	(22) B x R	B x R
(9)	B-K3	O-O	(23) B-K6	B-R3
(10)	O-O	P x P	(24) B-KB8	Kt-K2
(11)	P x P	B-Q2	(25) B x Kt	Q-B6
(12)	R-B1	R-B1	(26) R-B1	Q-Q5
(13)	Q-Q2	Q-R4	(27) B-KB8	resigns
(14)	Kt-B3	KR-Q1		

One of our most consistently successful "ladder" competitors, A. J. Roycroft, sent me this position in which, playing White, he started a very neat and speedily decisive attack.

(1)	P-B3	Kt-Q3	
(2)	K-B2	R-K2	
(3)	R-KR1	QR-K1	
(4)	R-R6	R-KB2	(7) Q-Kt6 ch QR-Kt2
(5)	QR-KR1	R(1)-K2	(8) R x R R x Q
(6)	B x P ch!	R x B	(9) R x Q etc.

A: Paul List 1909

The 4-pointer for beginners, this week, is a game position shown me by P. List. Having conceded the odds of R & move he played R-B5, whereupon White blithely countered Kt x Kt. Black now inflicted a pretty mate in three. How? In this competition, I am glad to say, every piece is as "home-made" as it ought to be in a "Readers' Own." Prof. Penrose's endgame study—White to win—is very neat and instructive; but it should be generously rated with 6 ladder-points, whereas competitors may have to work hard for their 7 points for **C**—White to win—a study by one of their most successful fellow-competitors from Edinburgh.

B: L. S. Penrose 1953

C: E. Allan 1953

Usual Prizes. Entries by April 20.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set March 21

A: (1) Q x Kt!, P x Q. (2) R-K3, R-B2. (3) B x R, Kt-B1. (4) R-R3 ch, Kt-R2. (5) R x Kt ch!, K x R. (6) R-Q3, etc.

B: (1) P-KR7, R-KR8. (2) P-QR7, R-QR8. (3) R-Q1! etc. (1) P-QR7 would be countered by (1) . . . R-Kt1.

C: (1) Kt-Q8, Q-Q2(B1). (2) Kt x KP ch, K-Q4. (3) B-Kt2 ch, K-B5. (4) B-B1 ch, K-Q4. (5) P-Kt3!, P-B4. (6) B-Kt2 ch, K x Kt. (7) B-R3 ch, etc.

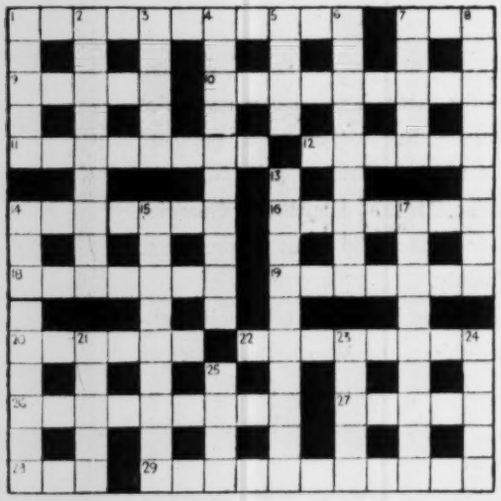
if (1) . . . Q-R1. (2) Kt x KP ch, K-B5. (3) B-B1 ch, K-Q4. (4) Kt-B7 ch etc.

Surprisingly many competitors dropped a couple of points on **B** by pushing the QRP first; even so, I got over a score of flawless solutions. Prizes shared by Gerald Abrahams, C. Allen, A. E. Harris, W. T. Maccall, J. Mitchell. *Londoners' 3rd majority move* P-QR3. *Non-Londoners' 4th due by April 15th.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 43

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1, by 21st April. The solution to No. 42 will appear next week.



ACROSS

1. A cock then a cleric in disguise (11).
7. Give this electricity service at government expense (3).
9. Africans who graduate with a 1st class? (5).
10. The sun I serve in cosmic systems (9).
11. Claim a town without capital (8).
12. One who cuts figures like a streak (6).
14. The lofty way of a university (3, 4).
16. Poor Cis is not on this earth (7).
18. Ten is a possible starter; it has to be each way for a place (7).
19. Operational secrets (7).
20. The Kellynch family (6).
22. Among those seen rarely note this film (8).
26. Halls for violins blending with a piano (9).
27. Old hands (5).
28. The place for an oriental manuscript (3).
29. Dockers vote to be supplied with surplus goods (11).

DOWN

1. Put this mark with no date for the order (5).
2. Soaker far off around the globe (9).
3. See this object boiling (5).
4. Smart footwear for tennis? (5, 5).
5. She might turn up to have a meal (4).
6. A way to make fast speed in dangerous waters? (9).
7. Prepare to film the attack (5).
8. Upstarts of the vegetable world (9).
13. Potty workings of democracy (10).
14. Head-quarters for lawyers (3, 6).
15. Complicated situation in Italy (9).
17. Defensive selector's game? (9).
21. Television's discoverer (5).
23. Make a man perform a composition (5).
24. Grew less tense in the overseas edition (5).
25. My book? (4).

SET-SQUARE

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. April issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15s. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"ALL Children Are Mine"—Inaugural Margaret McMillan Memorial Lecture by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, C.H., M.P. Post free 1s. 9d., from Hon. Sec., Margaret McMillan Fellowship, Inverness Lodge, Alton Rd., Roehampton, S.W.15.

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"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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MISCELLANEOUS—continued

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

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THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited from graduates in Sociology, History or Politics for the post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in the Department of Sociology. Salary scales £600-50-£900; £900-50-£1,150 per annum and £500-50-£600 per annum respectively, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. The appointment will date from October 1, 1953. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than May 7, 1953, to The Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for a part-time Lectureship in the Mental Health Course, maximum salary £400 per annum. Candidates should be qualified psychiatric social workers and preferably graduates. Applications, which should be accompanied by the names of three referees, should be forwarded to The Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, not later than April 30, 1953, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

MAGEE University College, Londonderry, Northern Ireland. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in English Literature from October 1, 1953. The commencing Salary is £500 per annum with the usual F.S.S.U. benefits. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of Trustees, Magee University College.

THE University of Manchester.—Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary not less than £450 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Duties to commence October 1, 1953. Applications should be sent not later than May 15, 1953, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

THE I.L.O. invites applications for a post of Member of Division in the Vocational Training Section of the Manpower Division of the International Labour Office, Geneva, Switzerland. Qualifications required: (1) Nationality: United Kingdom. (2) Age: 30 to 45 years. (3) Mother tongue: English; good knowledge of French or Spanish. (4) University degree or the equivalent in experience. (5) Diploma from a recognised technical school. Experience as a teacher and administrator in the field of technical education. For further particulars and application forms apply, enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to the International Labour Office, 38-39, Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. The closing date for the receipt in this Office of completed application forms is April 30, 1953.

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CITY of Birmingham. Assistant Statistician. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant Statistician in the Central Statistical Office of the Town Clerk's Department. Candidates should have a University Honours Degree in Science, Mathematics or Economics, and should have had some experience of research involving the analysis and interpretation of mass data. Experience in Local Government Service, whilst not essential, will be an advantage. Salary Scale A.P.T. VIII (£769 × £25—£835). Post pensionable; medical examination. Applications, giving age, where educated, details of degrees, diplomas, etc., particulars of previous occupations, including details of statistical training and experience, with names of three referees, to the Town Clerk, Room 30B, Council House, Birmingham, 1, not later than Saturday, April 25, 1953. Canvassing disqualifies.

TUBERCULOSIS. Applications are invited from persons possessing the certificate of the Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science certificate of a recognised school of sociology, and who have practical experience in social work, for appointment in the London County Council Public Health Department, as local tuberculosis care organiser, at the London Chest Hospital, Bethnal Green, E.2. Duties: To carry out social and secretarial work of local Tuberculosis Committee. Salary £480 by £24 to £600. Particulars on application forms from the Divisional Medical Officer, Health Offices, Bancroft Rd., E.1, for return by April 18. (267.)

TEACHER, preferably Froebel trained, for small junior school in South West. Box 8171.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

SENIOR Scientific Officers; Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue through the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification; or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers, (men) £812—£1,022; (women) £681—£917; Scientific Officers, (men) £440—£707; (women) £440—£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes, (men) £440—£655; (women) £440—£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/53—S.128/53 for the other posts.

COUNTY Borough of Bolton. Applications are invited for the appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker in the Child Guidance Service. Although preference will be given to candidates with a Mental Health Certificate, consideration will be given to applicants who possess a Social Science Diploma and who have had relevant practical experience. Salary scale for qualified Psychiatric Social Worker according to Whitley Council Scale, viz. £500 × £20—£640 per annum. The salary for applicants possessing only a Social Science Diploma will be on a scale £420 × £20—£520 per annum, the commencing salary being determined according to previous experience. The appointment is superannuable and the sucessful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Forms of application, together with conditions of appointment, may be obtained from the undersigned to whom completed applications should be returned not later than Saturday, April 25, 1953. Philip S. Remnison, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bolton.

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THE Continental's illustrated brochure will help readers to avoid wasting their holiday. "Square Deal & Cordiality." 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

FARM Holidays: 1953 Guide, describing "Britain's Best Farm Houses." Pages of pictures. 2s. 8d. post free. Farm Guide, Dept. N.S.N., 49, Broomlands, Paisley.

S.W. Cornish fishing village. Rest, relax, refresh in Torrevean Private Hotel, Porthleven. Lt. Commdr. H. G. Selby.

BOURNEMOUTH. Guest House nr. sea/shops/buses. Basins, gas fires. Mod. terms. "Mariners," Clifton Rd., Southbourne. Tel. 43961.

FAMILIES, specially those with tiny babies, made very welcome at Brewery Farm House, Great Mongeham, Deal 1195. Cots, prams, high chairs, babies' bath included. Buses to sea 2½ miles. Excellent cooking. Unaccompanied babies well taken care of during the winter.

HOLIDAYS in Denmark. Guests are received in a nice little house in a lovely garden beautifully situated on the outskirts of Copenhagen. K. Rie Rasmussen, Fyrreskranten, Hareskovvej, 80a, Copenhagen, Brh.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Birthday Play. Morley College Actors (WAT. 6872) in "Love's Labour's Lost," at the George Inn, 77 Borough High Street, Southwark. April 18, 25, at 2.45 and 7, April 22, 23, 24 at 7. Admission free, seats 2s. 6d. (unbookable).

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.). St., Sun. 5 & 8. "L'Enfant Prodigue." Mems. 5s.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evg. (ex. Mon.), 7.30 (Sun. 6.30) "The Drunkard," Victorian Melodrama, ends April 19. A free ticket to each new member. And at 10.30 (Sun. 9.30) a satirical saucy Revue. Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). New Musical Revue "Turn it Up!" prod. by Alfie Bass. Wed.-Sun., 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until April 12: Hecht's "The Spectre of the Rose" (A). From April 13: New Mexican film: "Maclovia" (U).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Sun., Apr. 12, 7.30, "Jour de Fête" (U), Paris 1900 (U) (French).

"THE White-Haired Girl" (famous Chinese film), Eng. sub-titles. In response to enormous demand, repeat showing Islington Town Hall, N.1, Tues., April 14, 7.30. Guest speaker, Mr. Basil Davidson. 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d. B.C.F.A., 17 Bishop's Bridge Rd., W.2. (AMB. 1431/2.)

SOVIET colour films "Country Doctor" and 'Soviet Whalers." Scala Theatre, 7.30, Mon., April 20. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., from Ed. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. S.a.e. with order.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall, Soviet Film. "Lenin in 1918." Tues., Apr. 14, 8 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Ed. Cttee, B.S.F.S.

SAILING Barge moored adj. Tower Pier—Glencoe Arts Club. Dancing every Weds., Fri., Sat. Also Thurs. (adm. tkt. 3s. 6d. only, Billy Kaye's Orch.). Life Class every Sat., 2.30, 2s 6d. Sun., Apl. 12, Poetry Reading (Helen Lowenthal, Kydrich Rhys). Mon., Apl. 13, Jk. McDougall & Wm. Pilgrim will play Beethoven's Sonata in D Major Op. 12 No. 1, Hindesmith's E flat Op. 11 No. 1. ROY. 1653.

MANHATTAN Club, 35 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6 (Rear Finchley Rd. Stn.). Dancing from 8 p.m. every Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Licenced bar-buffet. Members 4s. 6d., Guests 5s. 6d. (Thursday, M. 3s. 6d., G. 4s. 6d.). Membership 2s. 6d. per quarter.

DANCE organised by Central London Fabian Society, April 11, 7.30-10 p.m. Artworkers' Guildhall, Queen Sq., W.C.1. Adm. 4s. including prizes.

HAMPSTEAD Arts Ball, Friday, April 24, 8.30 to 2 a.m. at Hampstead Town Hall. Bar, Cabaret, free buffet. Tickets 15s. from The Music Box, Oriel Court, N.W.3. Theme: A Surrealizebethan Frolic. Prizes.

BARGAINS in plants, books, pictures; textiles, clothes, household & fancy goods, etc., at Spring Fair, Holborn Hall, Apr. 17, 6-10, Apr. 18, 10-10. British Peace Cttee.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Recital Room. Sat., Apr. 18, 8.15 p.m. London Czech Trio. Trios by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, etc. 8s., 5s., res.; 2s. 6d. unres. WAT. 3191 & Agents.

G. P. TELEMANN: Opera "Pimpinone" & cantata "Ino" (Patricia Hughes, Ilse Wolf, Norman Platt). Telemann Orchestra. Cond.: W. Bergmann. April 30, May 2, 7.30 p.m. Mary Ward Theatre, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Reserved seats only: 5s.

RONTGEN Quartet. Friday next at 8. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Beethoven, Schubert, Bradings. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. Mgt. Nicholas Chaveaux.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Open exhibition of colour prints, sending in April 16 & 17. Michael O'Connell textiles, also pictures for hire. 11-6 Saturdays included.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

HENDON Experimental Art Club. 2nd Spring Exhibition, April 9 to 22, Odeon Cinema, Hendon. Secretary: HENdon 7440.

EXHIBITION of Mural Paintings. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Place, W.1. Till May 2. Mondays-Fridays 10-7; Saturdays 10-5. Adm. Free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Memorial Exhibition: Paintings by Harry Bloomfield. Modern pntgs., inc. first version of Sickert's "Raising of Lazarus."

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Paintings by Roy de Maistre. Watercolours by Costa. Until May 1.

MEXICAN Art. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged with the Mexican Government. Tate Gallery. Open till April 26. Week-days 10-9, Sundays 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d., after 6 p.m., 1s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery. Glyn Philpot, R.A. Comprehensive Exhibition of paintings, watercolours and drawings. April 3 to May 3. 10-7, Sundays 2.30-5.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings and Watercolours by Vertes and Gouaches from the film "Moulin Rouge." Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. 4 Exhibitions. Prunella Clough, Sali Herman, E. X. Kapp, Hanna Weil. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leicester Sq. Paintings by George N. Alisop and Laurence A. Eveleigh. Until Sat., April 25.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Important French Masters of the 19th and 20th Cent. Recent purchases. Daily 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Exhibition of important paintings by Quizet, "Le peintre des Faubourgs." Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Closes April 25.

THE Unknown Political Prisoner. Finals International Sculpture Competition. Exhibition of Prize Winners and National Runners-up from 57 countries. Tate Gallery daily, 10-9, Sundays 2-6.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by William Gear and Sculpture by Robert Adams.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Wonder & Horror of the Human Head. Daily 11-6. Sats. 11-5. Sunday 2-6. Closing April 19.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

BUDGET Forum, Fri., April 17, at Livingstone Hall, Tothill St., S.W.1, 7.15. Spkrs.: George Darling, M.P., Dr. Thomas Balogh and Roy Jenkins, M.P., Donald Chapman, M.P. (Chair.). Tkts. 2s. at door.

ANEURIN Bevan speaks at Mass Labour Meeting, Porchester Hall, Bayswater, W.2, on Sunday, April 19, 8 p.m. Resvd. seats 1s. Auspices: North & South Paddington Labour Parties, 447 Harrow Rd., W.10.

SOLLY Sachs on "South Africa: Industry, Trade Unions and the Colour Bar," at Livingstone Hall, Livingstone House, Broadway, S.W.1, Monday, April 13, 8 p.m. Sponsored by A.S.S.E.T. (Executive Staffs Branch), the union for managers and executives in industry and commerce. Admission 1s.

"MEDICINE and Social Policy."—The Hastings Memorial Lecture of the British Medical Association will be given by Professor F. A. E. Crew, F.R.S., Professor of Public Health and Social Medicine at Edinburgh, at B.M.A. House on Wednesday, May 6, 1953, at 6.30 p.m. Chairman: The Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P. Admission free by ticket obtainable from Public Relations Department, B.M.A., Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, 7.15 p.m. Friday, Apl. 10. Shanti Sadan, "What has Vedanta to offer the West?"

WORLD Jewish Congress. Jewish Forum. (6) "Is the Re-education of Nazis Possible?" Speakers: A. L. Easterman, Dennis Healey, M.P., Kingsley Martin, H. MacCallum Scott. Chairman: Bernard B. Gillis. Tuesday, April 14. Anglo-Israeli Club, 43/44 Great Windmill St., W.1. 8 p.m. Adm. free.

BELGIAN Institute, 6 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. Friday, April 17, 6.30 p.m. Lecture in French by Mme. Germaine Faider, Curator of the Museum, Mariemont, Belgium. Subject: "La Porcelaine de Tournai." (Lantern Slides.) Admission free.

POETRY Reading by Paul Dehn, Abse, Kirkup, Hamburger, John Smith. In the Chair, Howard Sergeant. April 16 at Hampstead Town Hall, 8.15 p.m. Admission free.

SHAKESPEARE Fellowship. "Edward de Vere Earl of Oxford." A lantern lecture by J. R. Mez, Ph.D.. Chair: Christmas Humphreys, M.A., at Bedford College, York Gate, Regent's Park, on Tues., April 21, 8 p.m. Adm. free.

KINGSTON. Harry Pollitt speaks on "A New Policy for Labour" at the Coronation Hall, Thursday, April 16, 8 p.m.

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. Mr. Solly Sachs on "South Africa—Democracy or Fascism," Thurs., Apr. 16, 7.30. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Pl., W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Hon. Sec., WEL. 0136.

C. A. Burland, F.R.A.I. "Gods and Men in Ancient Mexico," April 17, 8.15. All welc. No collin. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. April 18, 6 p.m. Peter Harrison: Shakespeare on records, with commentary.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture, Wednesday, April 22, 6.30 p.m. "Love and Compassion." Dr. E. Conze.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Apl. 12. S. K. Ratcliffe, "The Brontë Story." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Admission 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

YOU are invited to attend three public lectures at Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, N.W.3, on the following vital subjects: "Is Punishment Consistent with the Idea of Treatment for the Delinquent Offenders?"—April 15, at 8 p.m. Speaker: John C. Mackwood, M.C., M.R.C.S.Eng., L.R.C.P. Lond., Psychotherapist to Her Majesty's Prison Commission at Wormwood Scrubs from 1943 to 1953. "Mental Testing in the Educational System"—April 22, at 8 p.m. Speaker: Dr. Mary D. Wilson, Educational Psychologist for the Borough of Ealing. "Shyness & Loneliness"—April 29, at 8 p.m. Speaker: Dr. Joshua Bierer, M.D., D.Econ., Hon. Medical Director of the Institute of Social Psychiatry. Adm. free. Organised by The Institute of Social Psychiatry, 9 Fellows Rd., Hampstead, N.W.3. Tel.: PRI. 9091.

UNION Society of London: Debate with Cambridge Union: "That this House has no faith in the present state of representative government in Britain." Thur., Apr. 16, Common Room, Gray's Inn, 8 p.m. Entrance Holborn Gate. Visitors welcome.

SIR Philip Hendy will speak on "The National Gallery and Its Makers." Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Monday, April 13, 8 p.m. Arranged by the Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Non-members 2s.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Evolution, Biological and Cultural." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sunday, April 12, at 6.30.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. April 12: "Liberation and Renunciation." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

"RACISM—end of Commonwealth" Malaise in Human Relations: Needs of Asia & Africa. Jubilee Sagoe, Jagindar Gadhok, Nigel Drury, Andrew Faulds. Mn., Apr. 13, 7.30. 13 Chelsea Embt. Org. by "Man"—for activists opposed to Racism.

THE Dean of Canterbury speaks on "Stalin's Work for Peace." Chair.: John Platts-Mills. Beaver Hall, 7.30, Sat., April 18. Tkts. 1s. from British Soviet Friendship Soc., 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. S.a.e. with order.

"ISRAEL'S Budget & Israel's People," by Y. Elliman. Socialist Zionist Party (Mapam), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. 8 p.m., Wed., April 15.

SOCIAL. Alex McCrindle on "Soviet Theatre." Sunday, April 12, 7.30. 55 Aberdare Gardens, N.W.6. 2s. 6d., including refreshments. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

POETRY at The Prince's Head, Storey's Gate, S.W.1. Sundays at 7.30. April 12: Science and Modern Poetry.

"SYMPOSIUM on New Polity: National Renaissance." Professor Wilson Knight, Wilfrid Wellock, Rev. A. D. Belden, Edward Holloway, Swedenborg Hall, Bloomsbury, Thurs., April 16, 7 p.m.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Assoc. Tues., Apr. 14. Mr. Solly Sachs on "Racial and National Problems in South Africa." Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St., W.C.2, at 8 p.m. Visitors 2s.

WEST Indian Federation. Come & hear Ferdinand Smith (Jamaica) and E. Rojas (Chairman, T.U.C. Trinidad), Holborn Hall, Grays Inn Rd., W.C.1. 2.30 p.m. Sunday, Ap. 12. Org.: Caribbean Labour Cong. L/B.

YOGA & Life. Talks at Caxton Hall, S.W. Tues., 6.30. Apr. 14, "The Spirit of Independence." Apr. 21, "Yoga in Action."

HOLIDAY Friendship Service Q. and A. meeting. Denison House, Vauxhall Bge. Rd. (Nr. Victoria Sta.) Wed., April 15, 7.30 p.m. For programme and provincial meetings send S.A.E. to 5 Goodwins Court, London, W.C.2.

POLISH Arts & Crafts—Exhibition, Documentary Films and Informal Talk, 7.45, Fri., April 10, Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham, Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Week-end course, April 17-19. "The Plays of T. S. Eliot," at Westham House, nr. Warwick. Incl. fee 37s. 6d. Details: Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund St., Birmingham.

HAMPSTEAD Secretarial College, Heath House, Lyndhurst Terrace, N.W.3. Telephone: HAMpstead 7228. Secretarial Training For Intelligent People. Principal: Miss Margaret Darvall, B.A. (Oxon).

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

MEXICAN Art. Arts Council Series of Lectures; April 14, "The Civilisation of the Aztec," by Adrian Digby, British Academy Lecture Theatre, 6 Burlington Gardens, at 5.30 p.m. Tkts. 2s. 6d., from the Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1, from the Mexican Exhibition, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, or at the door.

PORTUGUESE Evening Classes. All grades from April 22. Portuguese Language Committee, 2 Belgrave Square, S.W.1. SLO. 7186.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Diploma in Social Science. The College offers, in October, 1953, a full-time course extending over two Sessions leading to the Diploma in Social Science. For graduates the length of the course may be reduced to one Session. Full details and forms of application may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea.

BIRKBECK College. (University of London). Session 1953-1954 begins Monday, October 5, 1953. Part-time (Evening) Courses provided for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science and for the Academic Post-Graduate Diploma in Psychology. Facilities also provided for part-time and full-time students reading for Higher Degrees in Arts and Science. Application form (to be returned by June 1, 1953) obtainable from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet Street, W.C.1.

CULTURAL Holidays in the Tyrol, June, July, August. Combine a delightful Tyrolean Holiday at Koessen in the Inn Valley with fascinating Study Courses in German Language and Literature; Austrian History, Art, Music, Folk-lore, etc., under Faculty Members of University of Innsbruck. Inclusive charge (14 days, 22*gns.*, 21 days, 26*gns.*) covers all travel, accommodation, meals, guides, lectures. Sleeper berths available for the night journey, supplement 3rd class 1½*gns.*; 2nd class—2½*gns.* After paying for accommodation, meals, etc., spending money available out of your £40 currency allowance will be £31 for 14 days or £27 for 21 days. Write for leaflet "1953 Summer Courses." Austria Travel Agency, Ltd., 90 Shaftesbury Ave., London, W.1.

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